THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1812

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

OCT. 13 1934

The New COURTAULD FABRICS

as used and recommended by ANNETTE SIMPSON—the well-known and International Designer.

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ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., COVENTRY
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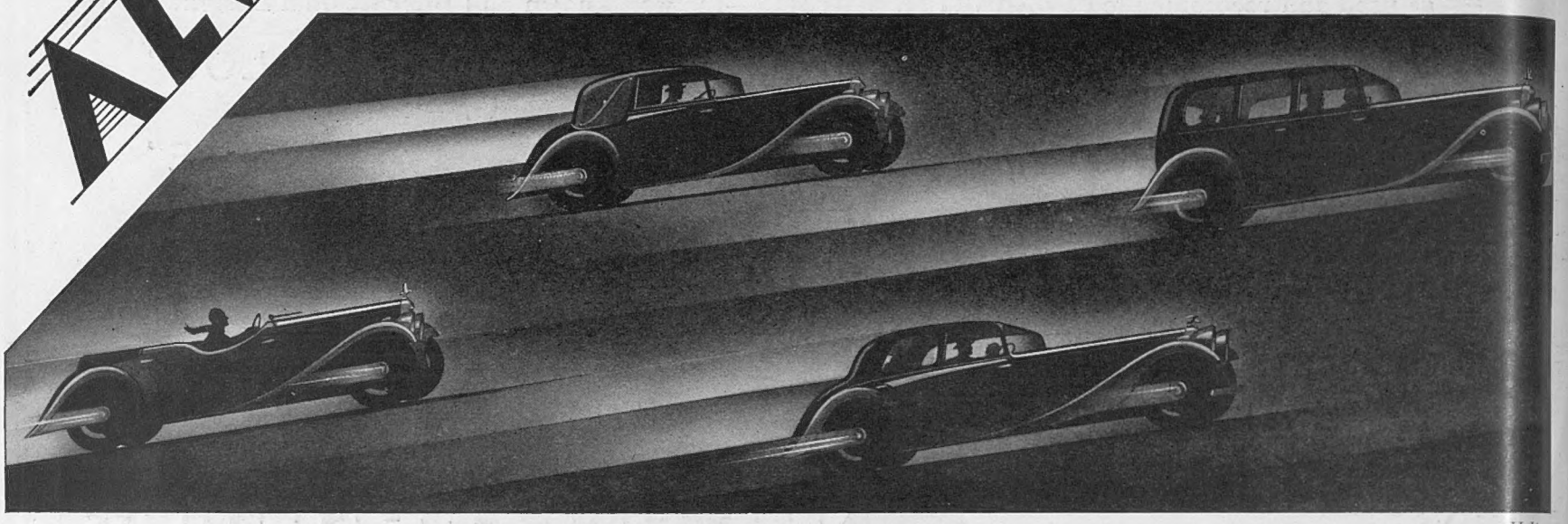

H.P.

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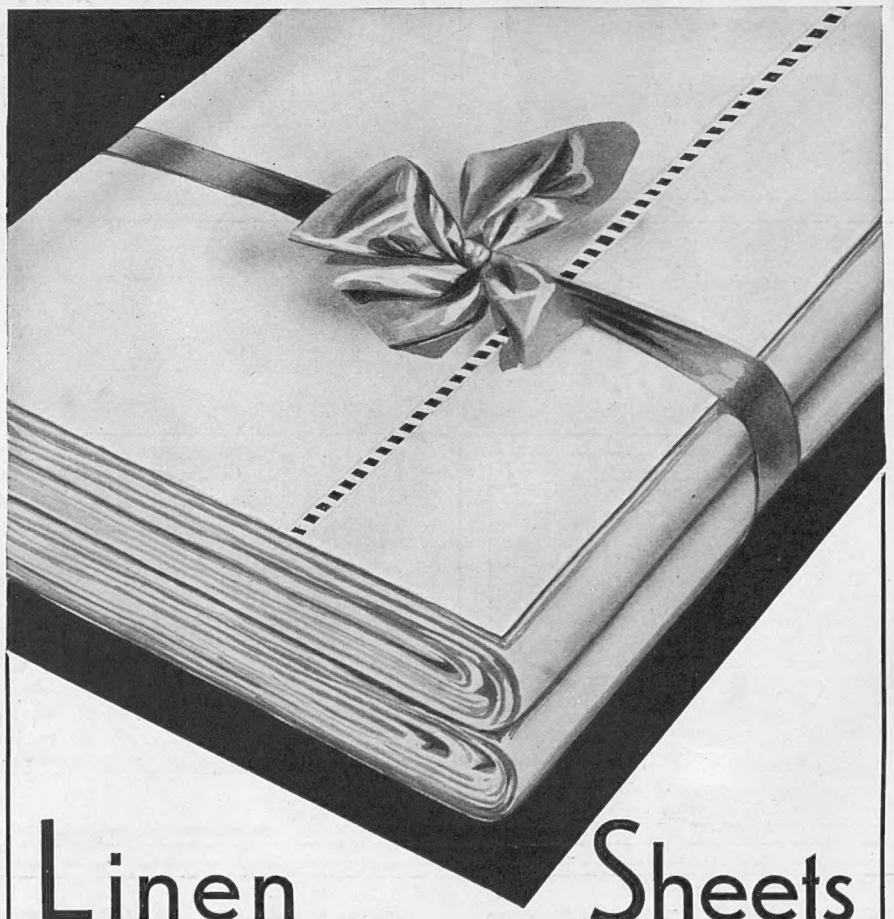

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Volume CXXXIX No. 1812

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 13, 1934

TOO LATE! This dramatic picture was taken just as Colonel Piollet, who had been riding beside the Royal car, had struck down the assassin with his sabre, but not before the latter had fired shot after shot at the King

ASSASSINATION

of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Barthou in Marseilles

The year 1934 has been a tragic one in Europe, for three of her most outstanding leaders have come to an untimely end. In February the King of the Belgians was killed while rock climbing; in July Chancellor Dollfuss, the man upon whom Austria was depending for salvation, was brutally put to death by the Nazis; and now comes the assassination in Marseilles of the Dictator monarch, Alexander of Yugoslavia, which has caused horror and consternation throughout the civilized world. This latest tragedy, rendered all the more serious because it occurred on foreign soil, was the dastardly work of a Croatian fanatic named Petrus Kalemen and appears to have been carefully planned by himself and his associates long beforehand.

The King who was paying a visit to France, which it was hoped would do much to secure peace in Balkan Europe, was driving with M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, through crowds of cheering citizens. Suddenly Kalemen darted through the police cordon, evaded the officer riding beside the Royal car, jumped on to the running-board and discharged the contents of his revolver, mortally wounding the Monarch and the Statesman. Indescribable confusion ensued. The infuriated spectators hurled themselves upon the assassin, dragged him to the ground and, before the police could intervene, he was lynched. Thus a day which started full of promise for the future ended in insensate murder and mob vengeance. (*See also pages* 42, 44, 45, *and* 48.)

THE MOMENT BEFORE THE TRAGEDY: King Alexander and M. Barthou driving through the streets of Marseilles

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

THE NAZI DEFAULT: Mr. Walter Elliot (Minister of Agriculture), Sir John Gilmour (Home Secretary), and Mr. Oliver Stanley (Minister of Labour) leaving Downing Street after a Cabinet discussion relating to the difficulties that have arisen as a result of Germany's repudiation of her commercial debts

A Londor

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 10, 1934.

SPAIN.—The Catalan Republic was shortlived. The Catalan revolt is crushed, the General Strike apparently petering out, and Señor Lerroux's Coalition Government with the bayonets of General Batet behind it, has a fair chance of reasserting authority and restoring order from chaos. There were serious casualties, and innocent people, women and children included, were killed. Spain has been seething for years. Spaniards, who had no taste of the "wine of battle" in the Great War, appear to enjoy the sport, and every revolt since the overthrow of the Monarchy has been ill-conceived, or hastily prepared, and easily smashed. Each one sows the seeds of more bitterness and fresh rebellion. A revolt may be forgiven if not forgotten; but the employment of a general strike as a weapon of revolt is a piece of folly which the more civilized European countries have learned by experience is hopelessly impolitic. It never fails to close the ranks of the saner majority of the nation, however real and diverse its grievances. And almost every class and shade of opinion in Spain has its real grievances. The overthrow of the monarchy was a signal for an orgy of class injustice in the name of democracy. It is almost incredible to Englishmen to read of the cold-blooded and calculating plans of the Socialist Party to bring about by all means a swift revolution in the constitution and institutions of this country, when before its very eyes all over Europe appalling examples of the fatal results of too hasty replacement of one form of constitution by another cry out to Heaven. It may be that the ancient constitutions of European nations were outworn, corrupt, and in need of reform. But constitutional evolution, guided with judgment, justice, and patience, is the only possible method by which nations can bring their Governments into line with modern conditions without plunging their citizens into chaos and blood. Spain, Germany, Austria, Italy (crying Havoc), all, in the clutch of circumstance or in the exuberance of a "new deal," have moved too swiftly, with the result that Europe to-day is in a state of tension which has no parallel in history, from the Dark Ages to our own times. The bad old days of autocratic kings were peaceful, orderly, and even just compared with these. One word more. The dramatic-sensational method by which the B.B.C. "brightened" the news of the Catalan revolt's progress seemed to me to be more heartless and less desirable than the worst features of sensational journalism.

BE BRITISH!—It is a surprising position for poor old-fashioned, out-of-date England to find her constitution and institutions, her vitality and national character, nay her very traditions, deep-rooted in the past, held up by foreign statesmen of countries as widely different (and once as self-conceited) as France and America, to stand as a pattern to copy and a model on which to rebuild their own. And this tremendous *volte-face* has come about in three years. Civilization in 1930 regarded England and even the Empire as quite definitely a back number, one of those factories equipped with outworn and expensive machinery, and directed by moss-grown ideas, which was fumbling into bankruptcy. But the surprise is trebled and quadrupled when we realize that while foreigners admire, our own people stand out from the chorus and by every means seek to impress on Englishmen the rottenness of those very things which foreigners have come to envy. The Labour Party cannot be described as single-minded in any sense of the term. Its conferences are cat-and-dog affairs, and every form and colour of garment are aired on its clothes line. But it is more or less unanimous in its determination to scrap as soon as it can every one of those institutions and every feature of that constitution which Europe and America have come reluctantly to envy and to seek to imitate. It is really very curious; in a sense it is very typical of the Briton. At any rate, it would be so, if the Labour Party's policy could be adjudged a mere pose, the Briton throwing the time-honoured dust in the foreigner's eyes.

THE NATIONAL SPIRIT?—Unfortunately, it is no pose. The Labour Party is at least sincere and unanimous in its desire to pay off scores, to get place and power, and to get its own back at any price. And by an odd chain of circumstances the reform in our constitution and institutions which appears to sane men most urgent, is that from which Labour as a whole shies. The Second Chamber cries out for reform. But Socialism has tumbled to it that rude hands laid on the Upper House must instantly precipitate a struggle with the Crown, and unfortunately the Crown is a national heirloom which the whole Empire jealously guards as a possession beyond price. Therefore the Party is split; Socialism's agenda is perforce a compromise and "constitutional means" are reluctantly accepted by Socialism as a first stage in revolution. The House of Lords must be left to cut its own throat, and be forced once more into that very dilemma engineered by Mr. Lloyd George. When it has committed suicide by resisting Socialism's first advance to Bedlam, the way will be clear to completing the ruin of the structure which has won the reluctant admiration of civilization. So much for Socialism. The Conservative Conference at Bristol proved a dog fight also, and must have greatly heartened the Southport party. For it showed the Conservative Party, which alone stands between the country and a Socialist Bedlam, split almost exactly in half over the Indian question and at sixes and sevens on other vital issues. And in twelve months' time the opposing camps must meet in battle and decide the fate of the British Empire. The outlook is gloomy.

HARD TIMES FOR GERMANY.—The new Kultur in Germany is to be of the soil by hand rather than of the mind. The Herr Professor and Doktor are out of date, and Germany must henceforth say it with shovels. "So long as Jewish intellectualism was poisoning the people there was no safety for farmers and workers"—a rather double-barrelled shot, a knock-out for the intelligent German not tinged with Hebraism, and no great consolation for the farmer and worker who received from the Führer no hint and no hope of prosperity within a decade. Herr Hitler chose the occasion—as admirably staged as usual by his publicity agent—of a great harvest thanksgiving in Pied-Piper-land, to warn the nation that he had taken over a bankrupt concern and not even the energy and genius of the new directorate could repair the damage within a decade. For years to come the nation must draw in its belt and ply a common shovel, facing black winters and hopeless springs. International complications, the lack of foreign exchange and raw materials, meant continued unemployment and perpetual anxiety in regard to national finance. It is no occasion for jibes in the foreign Press. Rather it is a fit occasion to extend sympathy to the German nation in the reality of its distress. Whatever we may think of some aspects of the policy

HOW THE TRAGIC NEWS CAME TO LONDON: Newspaper bills that announced to homeward-bound citizens on Tuesday evening the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia

Newsletter

of her leaders, Germany's hard struggle will be watched by Englishmen with sympathy and every stage in her rehabilitation hailed with encouragement. Her re-establishment is a vital link in the chain of Europe's re-establishment. She has fewer enemies and those far less implacable than Hitler thinks fit to declare, and no one wants her present struggle to drive her still further into the hungry desert of "independence" and isolation.

A STATISTICAL AND MORAL PROBLEM.—The roll of accidents from upheavals of nature, by sea and air, on road and rail and mountain, above and below ground, during the past few weeks, has been remarkable and terrible. Not a week of the holiday season passed without some fresh horror being announced. Are we becoming callous to the toll of life from accidents or can statistics show that this toll is a constantly falling one? What science, invention, and precaution are gradually winning the battle against the chances of life? It is difficult to believe it, difficult even if we accept as an inevitable price which we pay for easy and swift communications," that every year 30,000 Britons must die untimely and a quarter-million suffer mutilation. What value do we set—if the question were asked of us before the Judgment Seat of Heaven—on human life to-day? We must frankly admit at the Bar of Heaven that we value it lower than man-made machines because if we were to scrap the machine—our latest folly—we could save life by hundreds of thousands in a single year of civilization. But perhaps statistics can show us that the toll of life by "accidents of nature" ever was and still is higher than the toll of life from "dangerous occupations," such as coal-mining and travel by sea, air, and road. Indeed it is so, no doubt. Nature in her floods and earthquakes slays in thousands where the failure of man's inventions and precautions slays in tens. The question remains: does this argument justify humanity in adding to the hideous killing from pride in invention, and to satisfy its restless activity? It is a question which could only be put and answered at the last Judgment. There is no earthly judge to enforce it.

LEST WE FORGET.—I should have supposed that the pleasant land of Northern France already bears a fantastically high percentage of monumental stone and ironwork to natural soil. I hold the view that twenty years after the Great War a period might well be set to the erection of War Memorials, and that there is hardly room in the War area for more of them. But it is not a view generally held. I learn that plans are afoot for the erection of "a giant monument of Britannia" at the highest point on the cliffs overlooking Boulogne Harbour to commemorate the first landing in 1914 of B.E.F. units. The French Premier is considering the plans with a view to State assistance. Is there no end to the War? Is France in danger of forgetting it or alternatively likely to cease from reminding us perpetually of what our duty is in the event of the invasion of her territory? I think it can be safely left to France to keep our memories green without further aid from monumental stone and metal. A giant Britannia is unlikely to improve the downs. It may one day come to be ridiculed as is the Belgian Lion on the mound at Waterloo. Memory is frail, but we are not so meanspirited as to forget the exploits of the B.E.F. nor so childish as to need a giant Britannia to remind us of past or future duties and responsibilities. I think the scheme a great waste of money, far better employed in land reclamation or the building of houses for working men. Enough of War reminders. Let us give a turn to peace.

PUBLIC FRIEND NO. 3.—Mr. H. E. Fass, late Board of Education, later Treasury, becomes Public Trustee No. 3 on the retirement of Sir Oswald Simpkin through ill-health. I played my small part in the organization of the Public Trustee Office in 1908 after being called to the Bar. I well remember the care and attention we bestowed on the first fifty trusteeships transferred to the new office. Now that the trusts are numbered in thousands and their value in tens of millions, I have reason to believe that no less scrupulous attention is paid to each case. Sir Charles Stewart was the first public trustee. He it was, I think, who in a varied career had wound up the affairs of a great brewery shortly before his appointment. In the early days, the Department was its own adviser on investments. Now with millions to invest and great patronage to bestow, a Committee from outside advises generally and the patronage is bestowed on a selected rota of stockbrokers. The office began its existence in dingy rooms in Clement's Inn. It has a great building in Portugal Street to-day. Mr. Stewart, as he then was, had two chief assistants, Messrs. E. K. Allen and Fulton. The latter died the other day. Mr. Fass I remember also during a brief engagement in the Board of Education. His minutes were very short and clear and to the point. But I got less guidance from them than I could have wished because I could not read his handwriting—*Que de mémoires, que de regrets.*

NEW ZEALAND.—A terrible hurricane devastated the southern part of the North Island of New Zealand at the moment when Lord Bledisloe's successor as Governor-General was announced. Lord Bledisloe's term of office expires next March, having been extended to cover the Duke of Gloucester's visit which may be somewhat curtailed by the disaster. Lord Galway succeeds. Eton, Christchurch, and the Life Guards were the cradle of this very tall and typical product of an English public school and a cavalry training. As George Monckton Arundell he went out with the Expeditionary Force and later served on the Staff of the 2nd Cavalry Division in France. He is an all-round sportsman with a good deal of experience of hunting in Ireland and Northamptonshire, some experience of politics and public service, a noted Freemason, and a good mixer. To high intellect he does not aspire, but he possesses a good deal of common sense and horse sense. He is indeed the pattern of a certain type of British peer earmarked for colonial governorships in certain well-defined units of Empire.

PONY POST: Mr. Grant who for the past sixteen years has delivered the mails on horseback in the Aultgowrie district of Ross-shire. He covers a distance of over thirty-four miles a day

A HEARTFELT APPEAL TO B.B.C.—Here is one of several letters I received on my holiday, on the same subject:—

"A short time since you commented on the 'intolerable' interpolation of lectures in the 'News' items as broadcast. When this innovation was begun I wrote to the B.B.C. begging that talks and lectures might be kept to the end of the 'News,' so that listeners who want 'News' need not waste their time over lectures which they do not want. In reply the B.B.C. stated that the talks made the 'News' more intelligible to many people. Even if this is so it still seems to me that the talks should be given at the end of the item where those who like them may still listen to them.

"Exasperation has been aggravated lately by an addition to the interruptions in the form of gramophone records of some speech of an individual, or noise of a crowd! . . .

"I see that it is proposed, in the near future, to give an expanded 'News' item; do please, sir, use your influence to ensure that the expansion is of 'News' and not of lectures, or that the additional lectures shall come at the end of the item.

"If the tyranny continues I cannot but think that many people will find even an evening paper preferable to a wireless set. — Yours faithfully, ——."

I cordially agree with my correspondent's letter; but what's to be done about it? The B.B.C. is not to be moved. She has written; I have written (and written); and big guns have growled also. It is not asking much that these interpolations (the roar of the crowd, the 'ooves of the 'orses, the account by an illiterate eye-witness of a nasty smash) should wait until a bare and dignified recital of the day's events is finished. But it is asking too much of the B.B.C. It begs for criticism from the public but pursues its settled policy in the face of criticism. Personally, I always prefer an evening paper, but then I am not enthusiastic about radio. We are in for a regular half-hour of "brightened" news interrupted by views and it will be very hard to bear.

A VICTORIAN REACTION?—All our fashions and habits of mind sweep across the Atlantic from America. Mostly they are noisy, vulgar, tiresome or silly. More rarely they are sane and even pleasant. Are we to welcome among the latest that "reaction to purity" which is said to be sweeping the States and interfering with the prosperity and policy of Hollywood? It seems so, if the experience of a very sober and dignified weekly review is any indication. This respectable organ has been severely criticized for throwing open its columns to discussion of sex problems. Old patrons, it seems, have lately found the review unsuitable for "drawing-room reading" and have reluctantly ceased to subscribe to it. The phrase "unsuitable for drawing-room reading" is purely Victorian and deplorably hesitant. It begs the question, it is ostrich-like, it runs away. A reaction to purity is admirable always in whatever country. But it is important to settle some definition of purity first. If "purity" is a matter of what you read and not of how you live, we go back to Victorianism without profit. For the trouble is, in such a campaign as is being waged against the weekly review in question, it is the dignified and respectable journal which is hit; the halfpenny Press goes scot-free. There is something wrong here, if we are to condemn sex treated scientifically and tolerate sex treated commercially

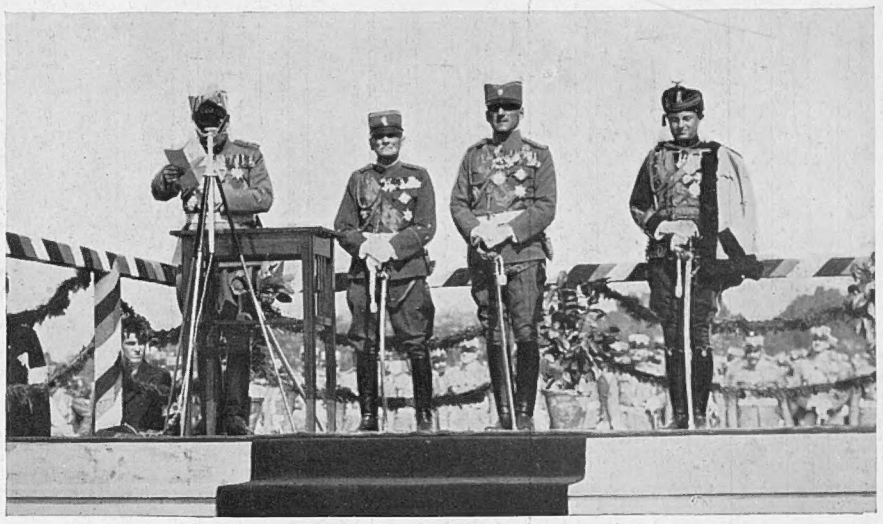
THE OLD STAGER.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE

AS A YOUTH: King Alexander when he was thirteen years of age

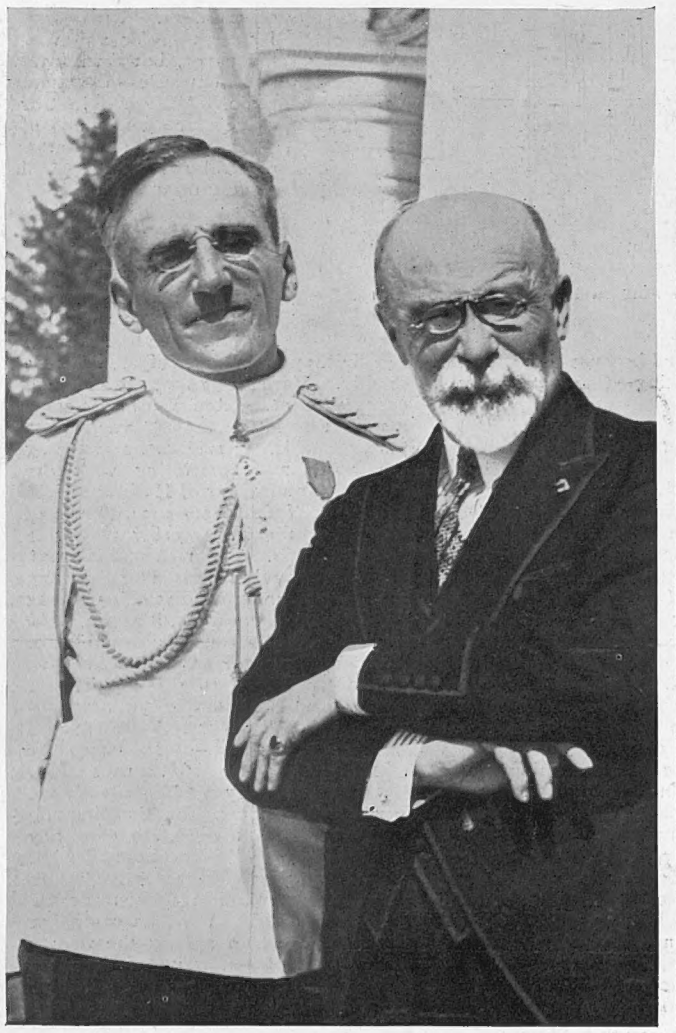
AS CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA: A portrait taken about the time when he was made heir-apparent after his eccentric elder brother had renounced his right of succession

A RADIANT BRIDE-TO-BE: Princess Marie, daughter of the King of Rumania, photographed with King Alexander a few days before her marriage to him in June, 1922. Their son and heir was born in September, 1923



AT A MILITARY REVIEW IN 1930: King Alexander (second from right) listening to an address by his Minister of War before presenting new battle flags to his regiments. On the right is Prince Paul, brother-in-law of Princess Marina

A DAY OF REJOICING IN 1923: ...ota... right—King Alexander, Queen El...beth...



JOINT VICTIMS: King Alexander and M. Barthou, the French Foreign Minister who was also killed at Marseilles on Tuesday. This picture was taken when they met in Belgrade earlier in the year to discuss the European situation

PRINCE AND PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA: The former, who is a cousin of the dead monarch, will probably be the chief member of the Regency appointed to carry on the Government

AT THE DESK OF STATE: King Alexander...is st...the throne in 1921 and was faced with...ask...govina into a united whole, his life was...of ou...assassination. He fa...is p...

E MURDERED MONARCH

notable group at the christening of Crown Prince Peter, heir to the Yugoslavian throne. Left to right: Queen Elizabeth of Greece, Queen Marie of Rumania (with baby), the King of Rumania, the Duchess of York, and the Duke of York who was one of the godparents

A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE: The King, surrounded by his Ministers, at an opening of Parliament. Between 1929 and 1931, when the political parties were at loggerheads, he assumed full control of State affairs

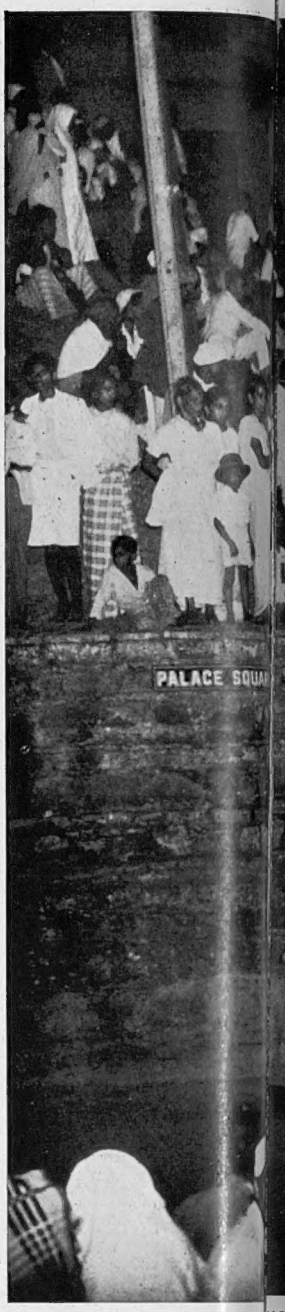
his study at the Royal Palace. From the day when he came to task of welding Serbia, Montenegro, Croatia, Bosnia, and Herzo- of outstanding difficulty and he was constantly in danger of his problems with rare courage and intelligence

THE KING WITH CROWN PRINCE PETER: He wanted his boy to have the same chances as himself, and believed that England was the best place for him to be educated

SUCCESSOR TO A TROUBLED THRONE: Crown Prince Peter walking in Regent Street with his tutor after he arrived in London last month. He recently began his first term at a preparatory school in Surrey

A CROWN AND A THRONE RESTORED

AFTER 119 YEARS: The Duke of Gloucester presenting the ancient crown and bejewelled throne of the Kandyan kings to the people of Ceylon during his recent visit to Kandy. These historic relics, which fell into British hands in 1815 when the last ruler of the Sinhalese dynasty was deposed, have been preserved at Windsor Castle and have now been restored as an expression of His Majesty's personal favour towards his island subjects



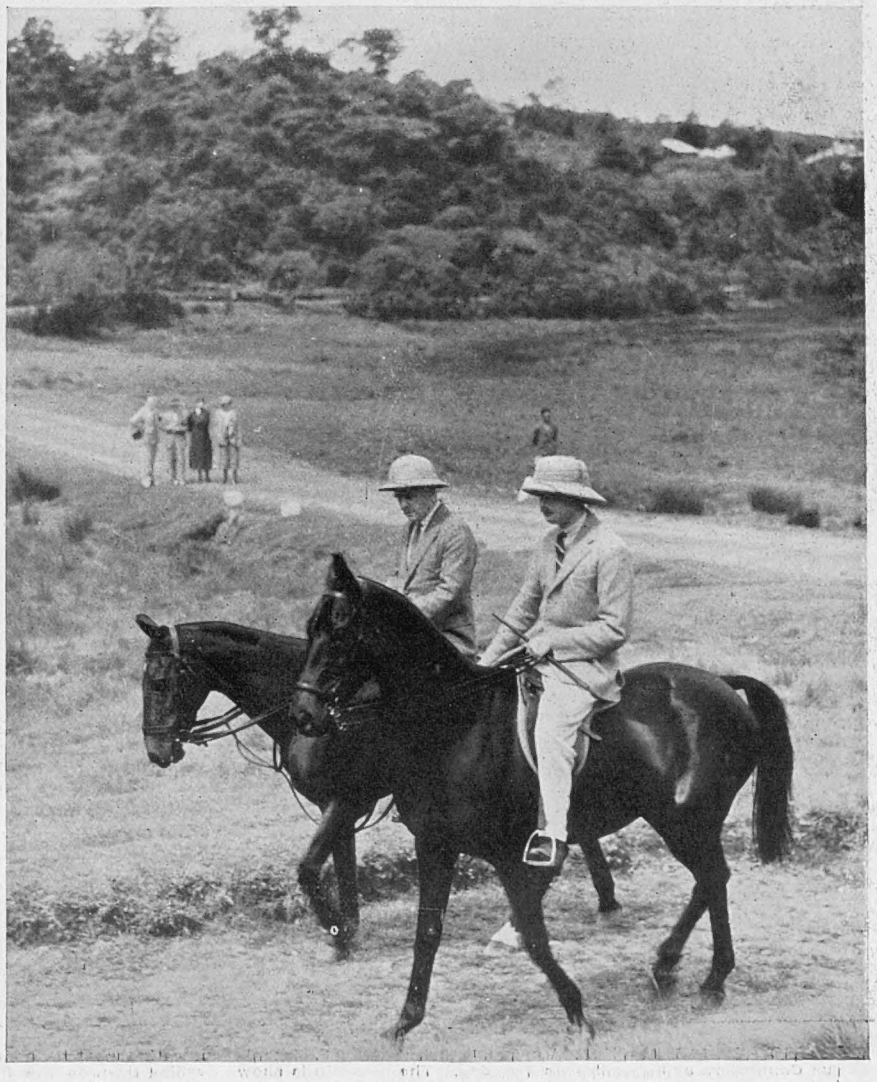
IN HONOUR OF THE RO
clad dancers and musi
in Kandy. No

THE SPLENDOUR OF THE ORIENT: Some of the chiefs of Kandy in their traditional costumes arriving to be presented to the Duke in the King's Pavilion—one of the most picturesque scenes in a day of vivid pageantry

A CITY'S WELCOME: A
Many

VISITOR: The mile-long procession of richly caparisoned elephants and picturesquely which the Duke of Gloucester witnessed on the evening of the presentation ceremony ecades have there been such elaborate celebrations in the old city

f the vast crowd which thronged the streets before the arrival of the Royal car. atives had trekked for miles across the island in order to be present

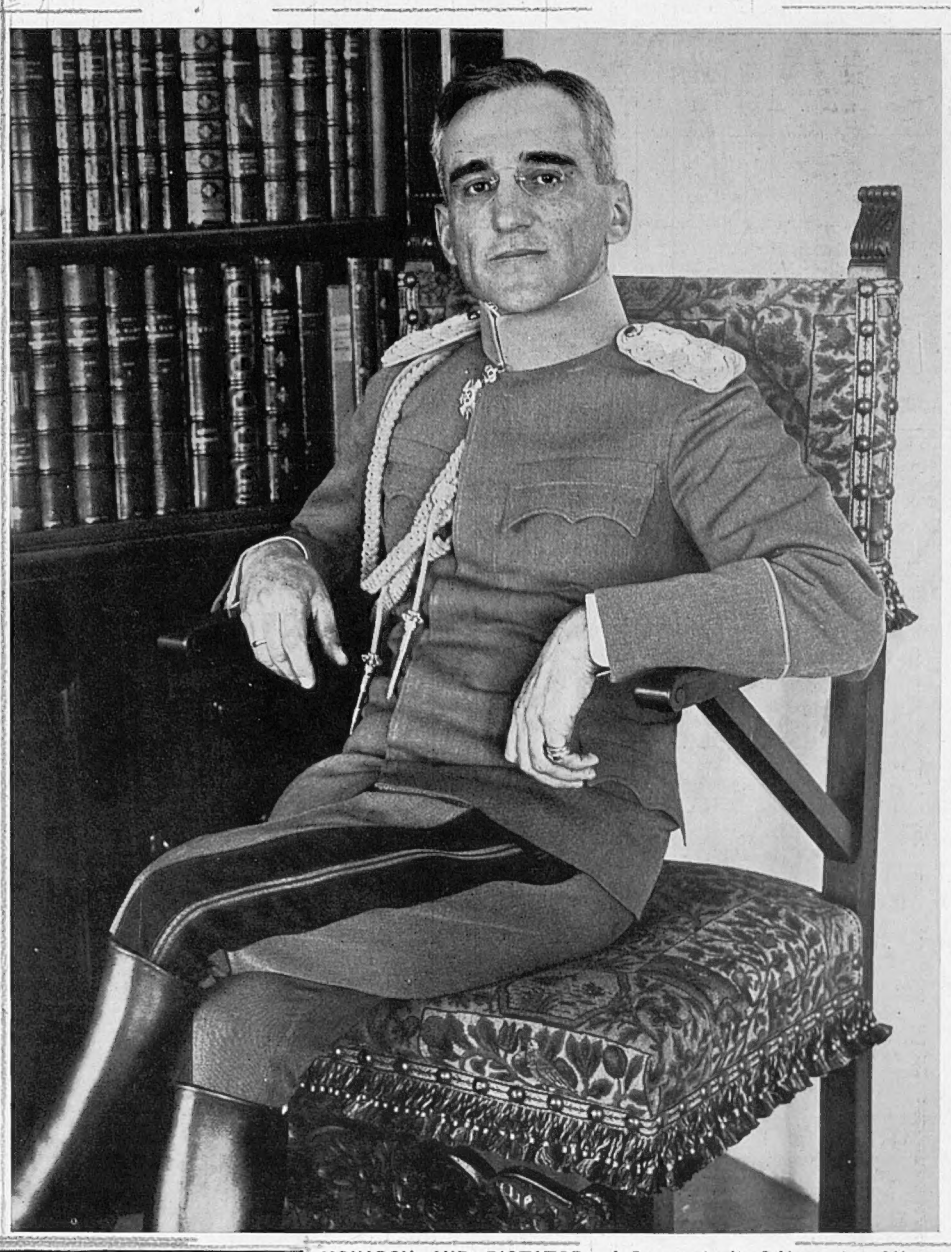


RIDING IN THE HILL COUNTRY: His Royal Highness at Nuvara Eliya, where he had a few days' rest after his official duties in Ceylon

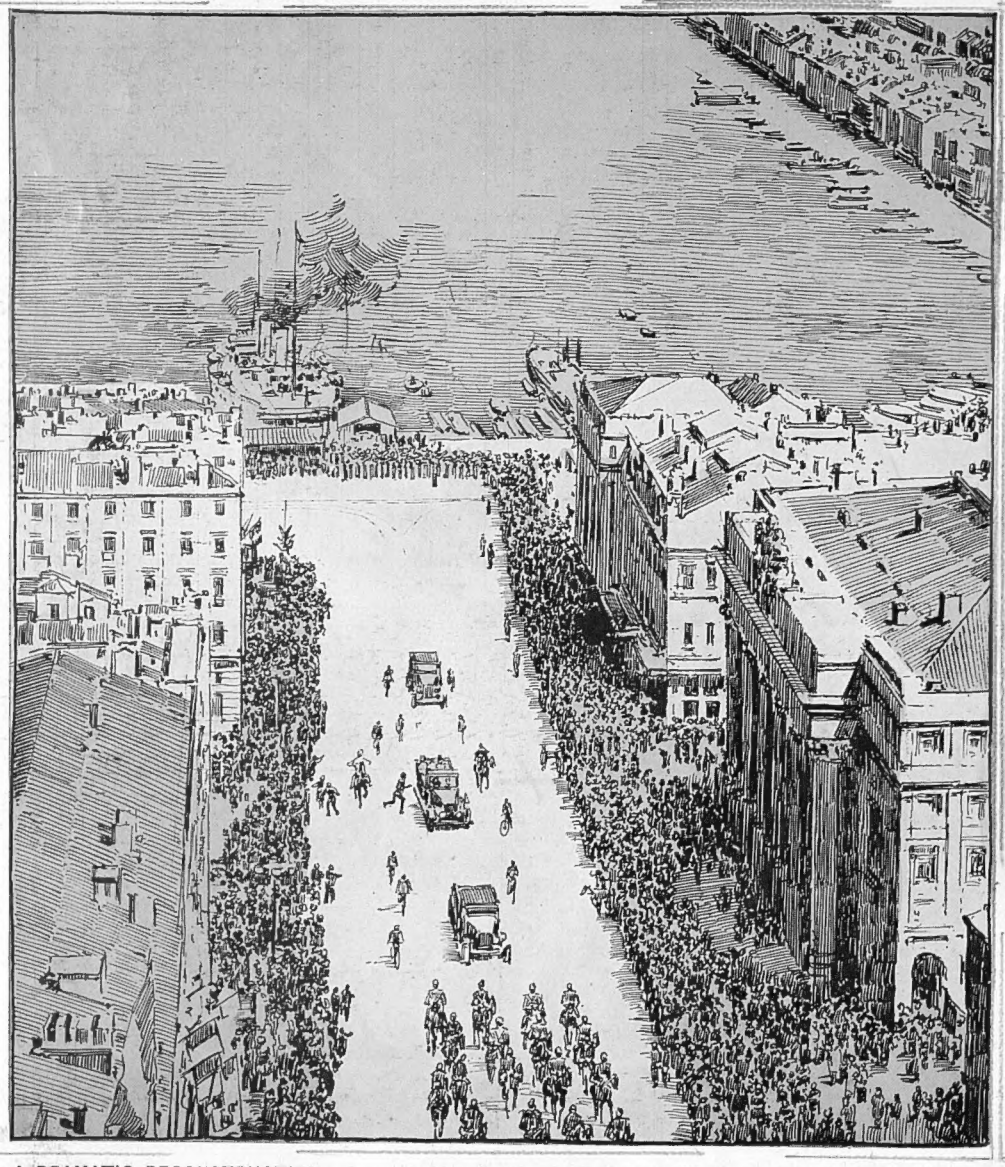
A KING'S LAST MOMENTS

The Tragedy at Marseilles Reconstructed

ARRIVAL AT MARSEILLES: King Alexander standing at the head of the gangway before landing from the Yugoslav light-cruiser *Dubrovnik* to meet M. Barthou



MONARCH AND DICTATOR: A fine portrait of Alexander of Yugoslavia. When he came to the throne in 1921 he made it his special aim to bring about peace between the three dominant races in his kingdom, and strove to instil into the minds of his people the importance of thinking nationally and not tribally



A DRAMATIC RECONSTRUCTION: A pen and ink drawing by F. Matania illustrating what happened in the rue Cannebière at Marseilles on Tuesday. The assassin is shown dashing towards the Royal car in front of one of the mounted officers on guard. A few moments later he had mortally wounded both King Alexander and M. Barthou

CROWN PRINCE PETER who was proclaimed King of Yugoslavia immediately after the assassination of his father. He is seen leaving the Ritz Hotel with his grandmother, Queen Marie of Rumania, en route for the Continent

A HIGH-LEVEL HIGHWAY

HOW NEW YORK IS SOLVING AN URGENT TRAFFIC PROBLEM: A view, taken near the docks, of the new elevated highway which, when completed, will run the total length of the west side of Manhattan Island, thus assisting motorists to avoid congested Broadway and to get into and out of the city much more quickly. It is costing over £3,000,000 to build

THE TOLL OF THE ROAD

In New York and London

JAN. TO JUNE, 1933	JAN. TO JUNE, 1934
LONDON, 660 killed, 26,754 injured.	LONDON, 676 killed, 27,886 injured.
*NEW YORK, 516 killed, 22,578 injured.	*NEW YORK, 486 killed, 21,444 injured.

* Unofficial figures

During the past few years the authorities in New York have been making a big effort both to reduce the number of road accidents and to improve traffic conditions generally. The figures given above prove that some progress has been made in the former direction, while the pictures on this page show what is being done to overcome congestion.

It will be noted that while the number of killed and injured was more in London during the first six months of 1934 than in the corresponding period of last year, there was a satisfactory decrease in New York. Nevertheless the New York figures are still extremely high, and there are at least twelve fatalities per year to every 100,000 inhabitants as compared with 8·9 for Paris, 4·5 for Stockholm, and 6·3 for Amsterdam.

One of the main troubles in New York is really created by the skyscrapers. These giant buildings, towering high above Manhattan, house an immense working population which every evening streams homeward at about the same hour. The result is chaos; no lesser word will describe it. Thousands of cars and pedestrians become hopelessly entangled in the streets, long lines of traffic are held up for many minutes on end.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that accidents are frequent. In New York too much has been crowded into too little, and the situation can only be altered for the better by the erection, at great expense, of many new subways and more elevated highways.

SKIRTING THE SHORES OF THE HUDSON: Another picture of the new highway. It will eventually extend as far as the Washington Bridge, seen in the background, which links New York with New Jersey

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KNOX *of the* SAAR

MR GEOFFREY KNOX: The fearless Chairman of the Saar Governing Commission who holds the balance of power between Frenchman and German

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONE'S first impression of Saarbrücken remains constant; the peculiar crowd-density in the streets of this frontier town of destiny, so much built up, lit up, gypped up, de-Germanized, under impress from the victorious West, ever since 1919. Yet now there is a certain listlessness, a hanging about, 'neath the bright and moneyed polish. One waits, on attend, man wartet. Business languishes, is being withdrawn. If the air be secretly a-tingle, small sign thereof breaks surface. The fevered political day runs parallel with a curious calm for so palpitating a hive as this.

Sauntering down the main Bahnhofstrasse, amid the cheery and healthy throng of Rhenish faces, I had to say to myself, "These people are living a drama of Shakespearian texture. The eyes of Europe are on them. Kindly remember that!"

DEUTSCH IST DER SAAR! mottoes Hitler on medals, maps, and most things. It has tremendous ring. It calls, sets the blood leaping. It is so true. I see it all about me as I stroll, in shop windows, on banners, hoardings, in Konditoreien—yes, even on those Torten Germans never cease wolfing at all hours.

And yet, and yet . . .

And yet—Nothing. We're not going to talk politics this time. If these people vote Nazi next January 13, they are going voluntarily to project themselves, eyes not only unbandaged but pre-fitted with X-ray gear, into a spiritual and material world that will be a complete loser for them. They all know it full well themselves—that is, all except far-seeing, glorious, experienced Youth, to whom belongs the future. Whose property the present may be is increasingly becoming a matter for conjecture.

Let us rather continue in the general direction of the Schloss on the little hill, home of a very remarkably placed son of Britain these times—I cannot write "Englishman" on this occasion as only a quarter of him is that. Two quarters are Irish, and a final quarter—of course—Scotch. In the eyes of seething Hitlerite youth he is, in angered sneer, "*dieser Herr Knox!*" Behind which—touching him whom the League selected to rule the Saar in the most critical period it will ever know, even if the Third Realm does last a thousand years as advertised—you may read: *a hard-headed guy who intends to stick to the book of words and stand no nonsense.*

THE MOTTO for the Saar should, of course, be BLUT IST DICKER ALS INTERET! You observe almost everything else. You see such funny things. Boots, for instance. *Dieser Herr Knox* having forbidden the brownshirt trappings, coldly-reasoning, emotion-scorning Jugendapes such with brown jacket and black below-trimmings. But it is the boots that count, the resounding boots. Great field-boots of every kind, cost and hue. Worn by boys and girls alike. Forgot about boots, he did! Many wearers seemed to be barely peering out of their boots—"Puss-in-Boots!" you irresistibly beamed. Ah, but those boots learned *diesen Herr Knox*, taught him not to butt in on national soul sartorial!

The tyrant also forbade the Nazi salute. Ah, but there's a way round that, too. I saw it in the Astoria, where I tarried for a Mosel Heuringer in the heat of day. This, I knew from previous passage, to be the *Lokal* of the out-and-out Nazis. Here they sit in thrilled confab for hours on end drinking in not their beer but the future—they only sip the former now, much as the timid Backfisch used to do on the Rhine of long ago. But regarding that salute, quick and hidden: Extend right arm, shoulder pressed completely back. Raise, or double, like lightning until fist touches shoulder.

The handsome Adolf is unquestionably the most photographed man the world has ever known. There are whole windows of him in every conceivable pose, and many inconceivable ones, such as in Skin-hung, Goering gala kit, plus Winterhalter wolfhounds. You have to wait to get near these windows.

The opposing papers are softly offered you; odd, that softness of the German newsvendor; I have noticed it before. You buy both sides freely.

Well, and then I saw the deuce of a slogging match on the bridge leading Castleward. They biffed and they banged, they rolled and they tore, the two politically opposed youths, and so did their respective girls, and bystanders shrieked, and finally one of the biffers picked up a bicycle and heaved it at his opponent, and then the Saar Police arrived.

How gentle, you reflected, the whole surrounding scene, as quietly flowed the Saar beneath. For there is no more smiling industrial countryside than this one of forest and river. As far removed from Wigan as could be. Favoured, too, by the gods, as few countrysides have been. That rabies-hating tearing and belabouring well typifies man's answer in the Saar, for gifts received.

Mr. Geoffrey Knox, Chairman of the Saar Governing Commission, lives "a very quiet life" in a lovely old, oblong, ivy-hidden mansion of some size. Outside stands Bismarck. Inside, a six-foot flunkey of muscle. No guard. This menaced and hated man (for fairly administering his charge and siding with none) not long since celebrated his fiftieth birthday by giving a small dinner party in his adjunct of Saarbrücken Castle. He is a bachelor, and a highly self-isolated one. Isolation. Such is the permeating notion you assimilate of his life in the past eighteen months. Before that, there were social relations with the Saar notables. Now all is ruled out in that line. Fortunately for him, this Mr. Knox is of the self-contained breed. He loves old and rare editions. (Mr. Maggs was lying about.) He is something of an epicure. It relaxes and amuses him to drive like blazes to Geneva, easily, in a day. Latterly he drove to meet an old friend, Lord Tyrrell, at Vittel, and that led to a particularly vulgar Nazi Press blast. This soi-disant neutral administrator spent all his time golfing and hob-nobbing over in France! He doesn't golf, Dr. Goebbels. Bridge. He's good at bridge. And that's a good thing, too, in the silent, empty, echoing Schloss. Another favouring circumstance is a spacious and secluded garden. Yet, all said and done, what sees this Mr. Knox through his vividly trying interlude is his monumental capacity for work. Before proceeding with that, however, let me finish biographically with this currently so important man:—

HE REPRESENTS the rare case of one passing from the Consular to the Diplomatic Service (though in many lands the two are interdependent). He was R.N.V.R. in the Aegean during the War. That paved the way to the Diplomatic, with service at Constantinople, followed by spells at Berlin and Madrid, where he was Counsellor when summoned to the Saar in early '32. He succeeded another Briton, Sir Ernest Wilton, who had done the full five-year term in quiet and prospering times. Before that, again, a Mr. Stephens, of Canada, had been the chief, but not for long. Before him was the notorious Frenchman, Rault, who moved Lord Oxford to compare the methods of his domination with the worst that had supervened under Tsardom. M. Rault was clumsily trying to Frenchify a then solidly pro-Fatherland mass. Nevertheless, we should bear in mind that these Saarites have had all the best of victory, though beaten, and that they escaped the misery of post-War Germany.

This Mr. Knox is what the French might call *un original*—as was emphasized, for example, when he installed a special contraption for recording the Nazi broadcast abuse of him. He now holds the proof, word for word. Dining at Kiefers, in Saarbrücken, I was to hear him referred to in bitterness as "a dynamo of verboten," which was rather rich, coming from the land of verboten. The Saarites may soon know other varieties of verboten. This Mr. Knox forbids Press propaganda lies, he forbids some forms of meeting, he forbids the existence of labour camps whose true nature he quickly descried (military training quarters in the woods); in fact, he forbids all forms of intimidation touching the coming plebiscite. The Nazis have encountered in him a man at once determined and fearless, though it certainly was a pity when the Paris Press of the Right recently saw fit to laud him. I don't know if this Mr. Knox has pro-French sentiments. I do believe that if he cannot get his 2,000 promised neutral police to maintain order in the coming critical times, he will not be averse to the proposed temporary arrival of French troops by way of substitute (though the reappearance of the hated horizon-blue may well be the last straw, removing the last doubt as to which way the voting will go).

This Mr. Knox is seldom seen abroad—not even at his own Secretariat across the handsome old Square. He works all day in his bureau, and once a week has a council upstairs in a finely decorated salle at one end of which are great oil paintings of the last three Kaisers. I noticed that the date line on William II's remains incomplete, 1888 ——. The Landrat used to convene in this salle, and still the Chairman maintains the friendliest personal relations with those with whom he has to confer. By his side, at a top table facing a crescent one, sit the four other members of the Governing Commission: a Frenchman, a Sarrois, a Yugoslav, a Finn. Mr. Knox has the Interior and Foreign Affairs. All police and Landrat matters appertain to the Chairman, of whom it has been written that he is "trying to govern a foreigner-hating people in a territory riddled with secret terror, possessing a police force that dodges his orders, a Civil Service whose denizens betray all they should hold inviolate, and law courts that refuse to administer the law."

IN ADDITION, this Briton's private life is rendered distinctly trying. He receives numberless threatening letters and is rung up at all hours of the night to listen to abuse or to new reports of terrorism—and he never knows but that such may not be mere Nazi leg-pulling. All round him are spies and traitors. Even his own manservant had to be dismissed. But what probably vexes the Chairman more than anything else is the mass of venomous falsehood the Nazis circulate in his regard, both close at hand and officially in the Reich.

The Nazis demanded the suppression of the anti-Nazi Press, as good as the silencing and putting out of court of every blessed force or element that didn't think as they did. They demanded, in fact, a plebiscite wholly cooked beforehand in their favour. And, in plain English, this Mr. Knox told them to go to H——. He is still telling them that, day by day, as he sits with one secretary in his Castle, calmly smoking cigarettes and working out everything in relation to actuality and to the certain outburst ahead. As an example of how he gets the Nazis' goat, he has just ordained that measures be taken, whatever the result of January 13, so that all foreign investors in the Saar shall be paid in full in gold—because if the territory passed over to Schachtland, they wouldn't get a bean. He is also seeking watertight measures against subsequent victimization of non-Nazis.

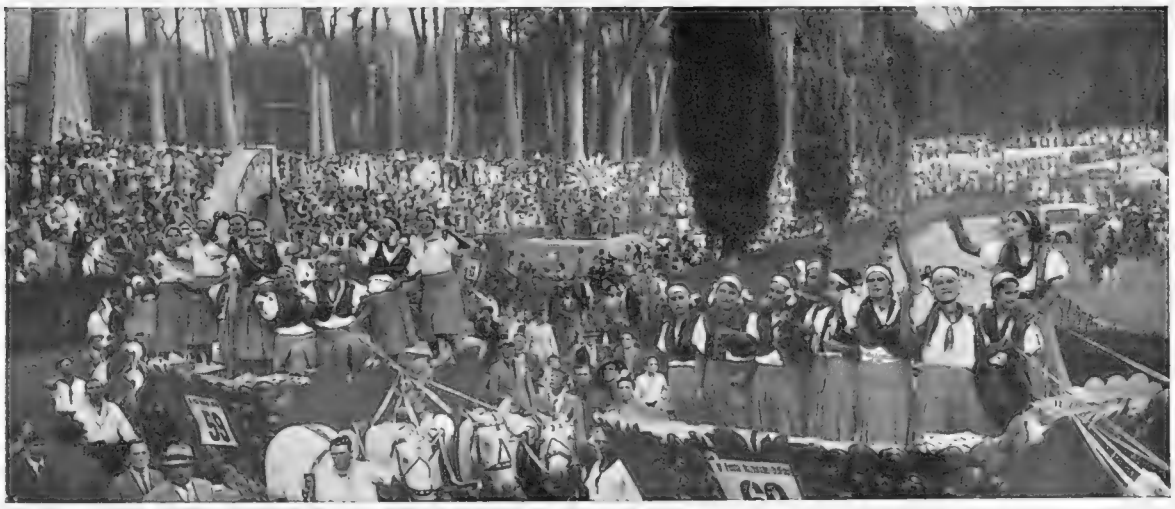
Scarce a document that he puts his hand to but is repeated at once to Berlin. Frequently they are just stolen from ransacked desks, and the many neutral officials now assembling are being advised to carry anything they desire to keep secret, about with them from place to place. This notably refers to the Plebiscite Committee, with appendages all over in the territory. The ultimate Tribunal's president is an Italian; its second, an Irishman. The Saar is beginning to look positively international.

All this Mr. Knox wants to do is to keep the voting secret and secure for the voter. To this end he has not stopped at disciplinary measures, domiciliary searches, prohibitions, fines, imprisonment. His teeming enemies accuse him of partiality, of working for the *status quo* in order that he may continue to rule. It seems to be inherently impossible for these mesmerized, mainly young,

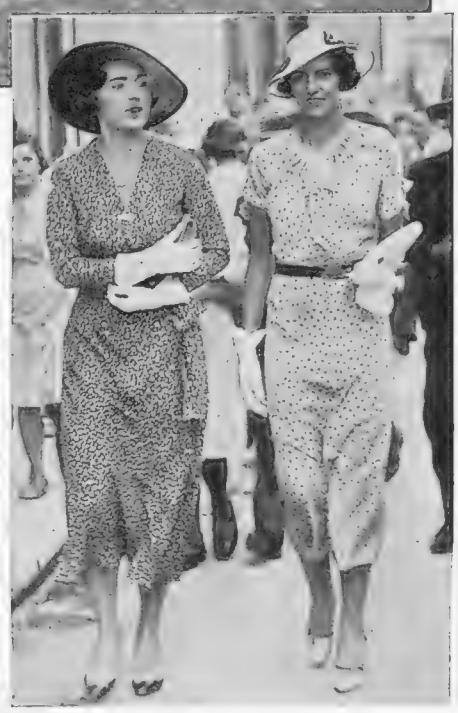
(Continued on p. 88)

EVENTS ABROAD

GERMANY: For the second time in the history of the third Reich the Harvest Thanksgiving was organized throughout the country on an elaborate scale. This picture was taken as Herr Hitler arrived to address some 700,000 peasants who had assembled to greet him on the slopes of the Bueckeberg Hill above the town of Hameln. After detachments of the Reichswehr had fought a mimic battle on the plain below, the Chancellor delivered a characteristic speech directed against the politicians who had preceded him in office. Newspaper correspondents accounted it the strangest thanksgiving they had ever attended



ITALY: A procession of gaily decorated carts passing through the streets of Rome during the National Grape Festival which was held after the harvest. 1934 has produced another bumper crop, and the quality of the wine bids fair to be even better than in 1933



GREECE: Princess Ingrid of Sweden *(left)* on a shopping expedition in Athens where she has recently been staying

JAPAN: Some of Tokyo's tram and bus conductresses, who went on strike at the beginning of last month, holding a meeting at their headquarters

FRANCE: One of the first Paris police cars to be equipped with a wireless broadcasting and receiving set, starting out on its round last week

THE CENTENARY OF VICTORIA

A Hundred Years of Stirring History

TO-DAY Victoria is celebrating a century of achievement. The carnival spirit is abroad in the land, and her 2,000,000 people are giving themselves up to a ceaseless round of festivity and general holiday-making.

Melbourne is *en fête*, and for the next two months will be hostess to a continent—the scene of the Royal Procession to Parliament House on October 18, when the Duke of Gloucester inaugurates the centenary celebrations and delivers the special message of congratulation from the King to Australia; the pivot round which the Duke's whole Australian tour revolves; the finishing point of the historic air race from London to Australia; the rendezvous of International assemblies, congresses, conferences and social reunions, of levées, regattas and race-meetings, of tennis tournaments, military tattoos and gymkhanas, of banquets and balls, public dinners and charity bazaars, of garden parties, pageants and gala events of all kinds, culminating in the race for the Duke of Gloucester's Cup to be run early in November at Flemington.

Geelong, Ballarat, Bendigo, and Portland, and all the other pioneer towns, will join in honouring this great occasion, bringing out with loving tenderness from their dusty corners many a forgotten relic or faded souvenir of adventurous bygone days in which they, too, have shared.

In the capital itself, the last tree has been planted along the approaches to the Shrine of Remembrance, a gleaming monument of white marble that overlooks the Botanic Gardens and is visible from the Bay. One of the Duke of Gloucester's first acts after he lands at Melbourne will be to dedicate this National War Memorial to the men of Victoria who received their first baptism of fire at Gallipoli at that immortal landing on April 25, 1915; the men who laid down their lives for all they held dear, there and in Palestine and on the battlefields of France and Flanders, at Armentières, Pozières, Messines and Passchendaele, at Dernancourt, Albert, Amiens and Villers Bretonneux, at Hamel, Mont St. Quentin, Péronne and Bellicourt; the men, too, who proved their mettle in the Pacific when they captured and destroyed the German cruiser *Emden*.

These are the deeds that will be perpetuated in that impressive ceremony, and in paying this tribute to the heroes of Anzac the thoughts of Victorians will inevitably travel back to the record of another landing long ago—the landing of the Henty brothers on the shores of Portland Bay for the purpose of forming the first pastoral settlement in the then untenanted Victoria; a feat that has in it something of the same fearlessness, the same reckless disregard of danger, that characterized the lean, lithe, sunburnt men who nearly a century later were to maintain a precarious foothold at Cape Helles and Suvla Bay.

What manner of men were these pioneer settlers—Edward Henty, John Batman, and John Pascoe Fawkner—who played so significant a part in Victoria's epic story?

Actually Edward Henty's settlement at Portland was the climax of a carefully planned and concerted colonizing venture on the part of his father, his six brothers, and himself.

Thomas Henty was a breeder of Merino sheep at West Tarring in Sussex; he had several sons of the right stuff to make colonists, and he determined to send them to the newly formed Swan River Settlement in Western Australia; their names were James, Edward, John, Stephen, William, Charles, and Francis. He chartered a vessel and put on board a number of labourers and their families, with twelve months' supply of provisions and some valuable livestock. His eldest and his two younger sons—James, John, and Stephen—duly arrived at Perth, where the elder purchased land for the purpose of locating the families and stock in his charge until he could obtain suitable grants from the Government. Mr. Henty was about to follow with the rest of his family—Edward among them—when he received advices from his son James that, after two years of heart-breaking work, they had decided to proceed to Launceston in Tasmania. This decision entirely altered the plans of the father, who accordingly arrived in Tasmania in the latter part of 1831.

A twelve-month later, Edward Henty, dissatisfied with the bare prospects in the island, crossed Bass Strait to look for suitable pasture on the mainland. He left Launceston in the barque *Caernarvon* in 1832, and landed at Memory Cove, in Spencer's Gulf, and afterwards at Port Lincoln—places discovered by Matthew Flinders. Here he was called for by the brigantine *Thistle*, and on the voyage back he anchored off the whaling station at Portland Bay, and was so delighted with the place that he returned almost immediately in the *Elizabeth* from Launceston, when a more extended examination of the country determined him to form a settlement there.

His father's modest application for a grant of 20,000 acres at 5s. an acre having been refused, Edward, without more ado, loaded the *Thistle*, under the command of Captain Liddle, with stores and livestock, farming implements and selections of seed, fruit trees and vegetables, and set sail for the Land of Promise in October, 1834. Six times successively their tiny craft was driven back before at last, on November 19, 1834, after thirty-four days at sea—a journey that nowadays occupies a few hours—a landing was effected.

From that moment the colonization of Victoria may be said to have begun.

The Henty enterprise was an independent venture of a purely pastoral nature, but it paved the way for a more pretentious movement, undertaken the following year by John Batman—the founding of the Port Phillip Settlement on the banks of the Yarra.

Batman—whose father was of sturdy Yorkshire origin, and one of the band of missionaries driven from Tahiti through desolating war—was a native of Parramatta, near Sydney, and had acquired an amazing knowledge of bushcraft, both there and in Tasmania.

Landing on the western side of Port Phillip Bay at what is now Geelong in May, 1835, he negotiated his fantastic treaty with the blackfellows which ceded him, in exchange for a few blankets, knives, and tomahawks, over half-a-million acres of territory, including the site of the city of Melbourne! Batman made a boat trip up the Yarra, and carefully pencilled in his diary the now celebrated remark, *This will be the place for a village.*

Meanwhile John Pascoe Fawkner had fitted out yet another expedition from Tasmania, consisting of mechanics and artisans, who lost no time in establishing a camp at this very spot. When Batman's party—made up for the most part of pastoralists and professional men—protested, they refused to budge.

Thus it came about that these two totally dissimilar groups of settlers, resentfully at first and then more amicably, between them formed the nucleus of Victoria's great metropolis.

Melbourne's remarkable growth from a group of mud huts on the bank of the Yarra to a city of world importance, owes much to the stirring days of "the gold rush" in the early 'fifties, and to the true civic sense of such men and women as Governor Latrobe, Redmond Barry, Francis Ormond, Alfred Deakin, and Dame Nellie Melba, but it owes a debt it can never repay to Edward Henty, John Batman, and John Pascoe Fawkner, who, by their initiative, courage, and tenacity of purpose, in face of strong official opposition, won for Britain this rich Australian heritage. K. U.

MELBOURNE

MELBOURNE FROM THE AIR: A view of the vast city, which during the next Commonwealth who will attend the State of Victoria Centen Celeb many fine public buildings, is almost devoid of sky and

TREE-LINED ST. KILDA ROAD down which the Duke of Gloucester drive in state in a few days' time. On the right is Flinders Sta Station, the Melbourne terminus of one of the finest suburban rail systems in the world

PIER

CELEBRATES

next few weeks will be crowded with visitors from all parts of the Celebrations. Its broad streets are laid out on a rectangular plan, it has and is surrounded by wooded parks of rare beauty

PIERCING THE NIGHT SKY: A rehearsal of the firework display which will be staged in the park on the banks of the River Yarra during the Duke's visit. This is only one of the many elaborate events on the programme

AUSTRALIA AND HER WOOL TRADE

A Wise Marketing Policy Reaps a Rich Reward

AT THE present time there are definite signs of industrial recovery, particularly at home, and to a lesser degree in certain other countries. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the woollen districts of Yorkshire, in Bradford, Huddersfield, in the busy towns of the Colne Valley, at Saddleworth, Rochdale, and elsewhere. I met a traveller in the woollen trade the other day, and he admitted things were "champion." I say admitted, for when a Yorkshire wool man makes such a statement it means very real improvement.

The figures tell their story. Overtime greatly exceeds short time, many firms are running day and night shifts. In several centres there is an actual shortage of labour, and the percentage of unemployed persons in the industry fell from 17·6 in November, 1932, to 9·2 in November, 1933. Exports of woollen and worsted yarns in November last were 4,126,200 lbs., or nearly 1,000,000 lbs. more than a year previously. Exports of tissues were nearly 1,300,000 sq. yards greater at 7,889,200 sq. yards. Our imports of raw wool last year were valued at £37,453,000, or nearly £4,000,000 more than in 1932.

All this improvement has meant a rise in prices, hence the very marked attention at present being paid by the Australian wool-farmers to reports from Bradford. Four years ago the Australian wool industry was facing black despair. To-day it is looking forward to the future with hope. This great change is due to two main reasons. One of them is the humming mills of Yorkshire. The following table shows the prices of various grades of Australian wool in Britain on January 12, as compared with a year before :—

Grade.	Jan. 12, 1934. d. per lb.	Jan. 14, 1933. d. per lb.
Queensland—Scoured, super combing	30	20
N.S.W.—Greasy, super combing	19	12
Tops—Crossbred, 40–44	8	5½
Merinos—70's	42	24½

It is not difficult to realize what these rises in prices, and they are very remarkable rises, mean to the Australian people as a whole, for wool remains the Commonwealth's basic product. And the wool-growers and the Government deserve some reward for adopting and putting through a courageous policy that might well be studied by other countries and producers.

At the beginning of 1933 the Australian wool trade was facing the fourth year in which selling prices were often below the costs of production. They were in much the same position as the coal-owners in this country, producing a basic and very necessary commodity, but often producing at a loss. In the 1926–27 season 2,467,806 bales were sold for £55,502,796, representing an average price per bale of over £23, or 16·86d. per lb. of unwashed wool. In 1931–32 production reached what was up till then a record figure, 2,682,113 bales, which fetched £29,363,156, or 8·46d. per lb., nearly half the price of 1926–27. Having had some practical experience of large-scale sheepfarming in this country I am perhaps in a position to appreciate exactly what these figures meant to the men who had every penny they possessed sunk in the sheep "stations" up-country.

Thus, at the beginning of this year the Australian farmers had to prepare for what was nothing less than a war for preservation from complete financial destruction. They had before them the grim but highly informative report of the Government Wool Committee. This body, consisting of wool-growers, a trade union official, a Government representative, and an economist, set forth in their report certain findings that may be summarized as follows :—

(1.) Wool production was, always had been, and would continue to be, the basic product of the Commonwealth.

(2.) The value of wool exports had fallen considerably more than the values of other exports.

(3.) For the past two seasons the average price of wool at the sales had been 8½d. per lb. In the same period the average cost of producing wool had been 8¾d. per lb. on the stations, exclusive of any interest charges.

(4.) Seeing that wool cost the farmers 9½ per lb., delivered to the sales, there was an average loss of 1d. per lb., plus interest.

(5.) That interest charges averaged 1¾d. per lb. of wool. That if money was worth 5 per cent. and the farmers had borrowed large sums at that rate, sheep production could not show a yield of more than 3 per cent.

All sorts of suggestions were put forward for lowering wool production costs and raising prices. Amongst them were reductions in rail-freights, land taxes, selling charges and interest rates. The committee calculated that cuts under these headings would bring production costs down by 1d. per lb.—certainly a help, but not enough to make wool-growing an economic proposition. There remained the alternatives of control of production and marketing—similar to that exercised by the Hop Control Board in England—or a higher rate of exchange.

A conference was held in January, 1933, at which there was a great deal of talk but very little done. The question of regulating the exchange was hardly discussed, being referred to the Commonwealth Bank. There remained the question of marketing control, and the Australian farmers, being like their fellows the world over, very quickly and hotly expressed their dislike and mistrust of the idea. I can remember friends among the Kent hop-growers being just as hostile to control, though to-day the majority admit it has some virtues.

The Wool Committee produced a report on marketing. In its summary it said :—"The policy hitherto has been to avoid a carry-over of wool. It is recognized that the prospects of wool prices are infinitely better than those of other raw materials because of this policy and of the absence of any quantity of raw stocks. The present system is regarded as substantially sound." So far, so good. But the committee then proceeded to eat its own words. "The present system," it said, "is one not only of low prices but also of instability, and special action may be required to avoid, if possible, any relapse in prices. The committee therefore considers that the present critical position warrants the establishment of special machinery for speedy action." The majority of the farmers were not convinced by this *volte-face*, and declared themselves against the accumulation of wool stocks and control of marketing.

The Australian wool season ends on June 30 of each year, and the growers embarked upon a bold experiment. They decided not to withhold wool from the market, nor to attempt to control it, but to sell every pound they could at the best price they could get. In fact, they took a chance on world trade recovery. The 1932–33 clip consisted of 3,000,075 bales, which sold for £34,410,321, or an average of 8·72d. per lb., an increase in price of ·22d. per lb. over the previous season. This price, as shown above, was not sufficient to cover production costs, but the stocks of raw wool at the end of the season were reduced to insignificant proportions. Nor had supplies accumulated in the consuming countries. Actually we bought less wool from Australia in the 1932–33 season than in 1931–32,

(*Continued on p.* 88)

THE WAY OF AN EAGLE

Some Remarkable Camera Studies

ON GUARD: The mother bird watches over her almost fully-grown offspring from the topmost bough of a tree. This and the other pictures shown on this page were obtained in the Lake District of Mecklenburg by Herr Walter Hege, Director of the Photography Department of the School of Arts and Crafts at Weimar

IN THE EYRIE: A sea eagle sitting on her eggs. The great nest, which from the outside appears to be put together somewhat loosely, is neatly lined with grass

THE FLEDGLING surveys the countryside from dizzy heights

LONG-DISTANCE PHOTOGRAPHY: Herr Walter Hege lying on the ground to take a picture of a bird perched on a tree 100 ft. or so above him. His heavy camera has an unusually powerful lens

TAKING OFF: A young sea eagle starts on a flight. This species was once found in large numbers on Dartmoor and in the Isle of Wight

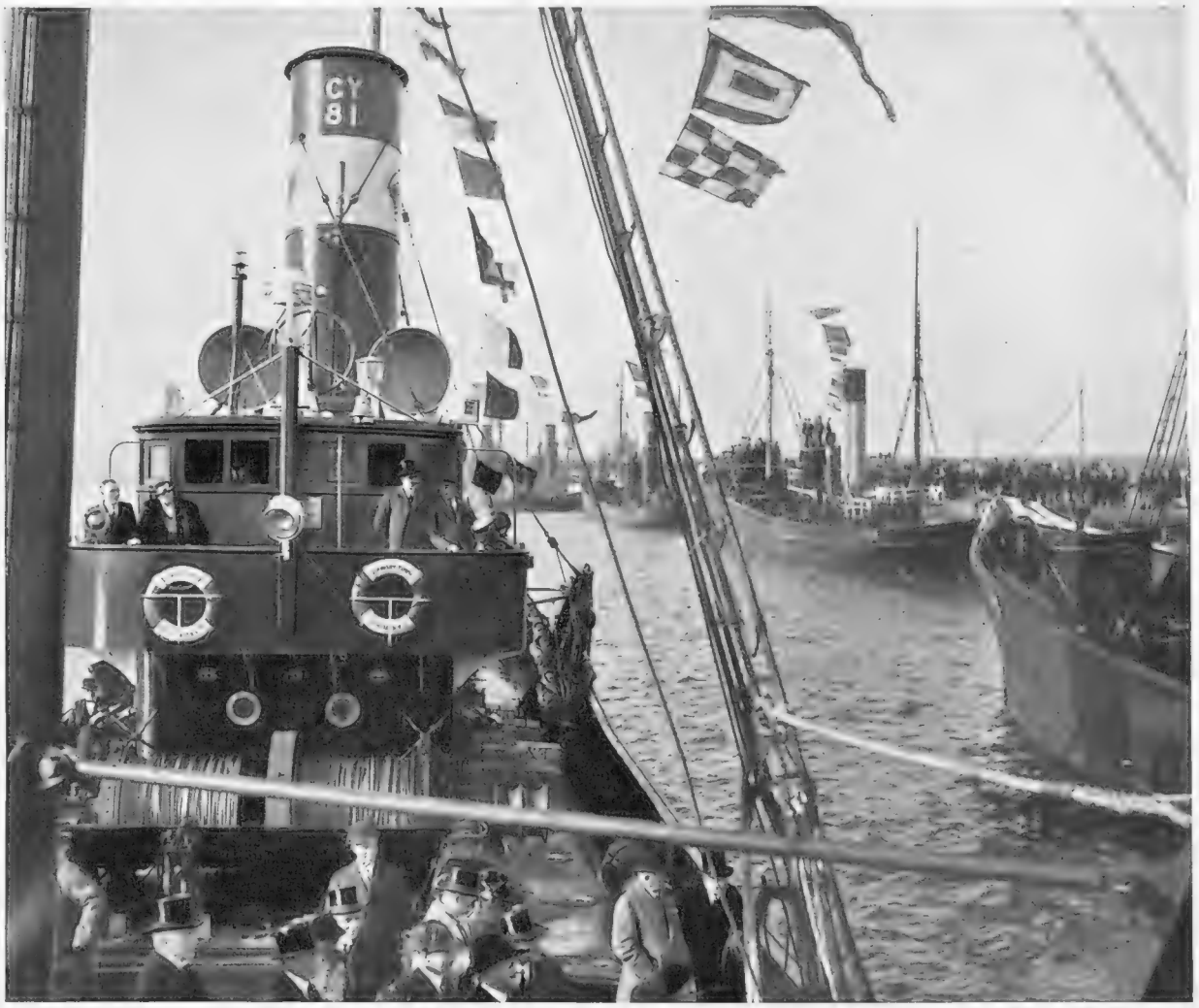
ANOTHER BIRD OF PREY: A peregrine falcon near its eyrie. It captures its quarry when on the wing and is famed both for its courage and its amazing speed which has been estimated, in some cases, at as much as 150 m.p.h.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE: A general view of the dock which was opened last week by Sir Henry Betterton, Chairman of the Unemployment Board. It has taken four years to complete, has cost nearly £1,700,000, adds 37 acres to the existing water area, and, it is claimed, makes Grimsby the most up-to-date fishing port in the world

GRIMSBY'S NEW FISH DOCK

✣

In 1857 the tonnage of fish landed at Grimsby was 3,400; in 1933 it was 186,000 and equal to a quarter of the total catch in England and Wales. These figures, quoted by the chairman of the Unemployment Board, bear testimony to the remarkable advance made by the port since the middle of the last century. To-day Grimsby with her new dock, which is the joint enterprise of the Corporation and of the London and North Eastern Railway, is even better equipped to deal with the harvest of the sea and to meet the increased demands upon her resources which will come with a revival of trade. Among those present at last week's ceremony was ninety-three-year-old "Jimmy" Canby, who witnessed the opening of the town's first dock in 1856



GRIMSBY EN FÊTE: On the left is the trawler in which Sir Henry Betterton and members of the Corporation steamed into the dock for the opening ceremony

THE ONLY GOOSE AT THE GOOSE FAIR: It was presented by the Lord Mayor of Nottingham to the Sheriff on the opening day

A Visit to NOTTINGHAM'S FAMOUS FAIR

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THERE is no such thing as a goose for sale to be found at the Nottingham Goose Fair, the merry sounds of which you may have heard broadcast on Saturday night. Being one of the very few people who have not read J. B. Priestley's tome, "The Good Companions," I did not realize this before I made the trip. And, by the way, his account of the fair did not make him at all popular in Nottingham.

It is over a hundred years ago since multitudinous geese from the Fens were driven quacking and hissing through the main street of Nottingham for the Goose Fair. To-day they do not sell geese, even at the special Goose Fair in the Cattle Market. It is just one enormous merry-go-round.

Up to five years ago the fair was always held in the Market Place of Nottingham, but it so paralysed the traffic — more so even than the Lord Mayor's Show in London—that it was decided to move it to the outskirts of the city. The pessimists said that this would be the end of England's oldest fair. Instead, it is as flourishing as ever. The one just held is the 645th, though actually it is centuries older than that. For we start counting from the Charter of King Edward I in 1284, which merely confirms the right of the good men of Nottingham to hold an annual fair, which they had been doing for a long time before that. Then there are the years in which for some reason or other it was not possible to hold the fair; in 1664 the Black Plague prevented it. In 1752, in consequence of the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar, no goose fair was held. Nor were there any held during the War.

A hundred years ago the pessimists said that the goose fair was dying, and yet this year the city will have taken more from fair tolls than has ever been known since official records were kept.

NEVERTHELESS, times have changed. Microphones and petrol-driven engines have Americanized the fair a great deal. You see barkers in dinner jackets, and electric lights instead of paraffin lamps. Coco-nut shies and dart boards are doing nothing like the business they used to do. Several times a showman said "O.K." to me. The music of the roundabouts is no longer English like "The Old Kent Road" or "A Bicycle Made for Two." It is the latest hit from the talking pictures. Here and there, however, you still find old stagers like Professor Leslie, known to his friends as Arbuckle, who sells throat pastilles—large black-looking lumps of, I suppose, liquorice.

Professor Leslie is a thick-set Yorkshireman with red cheeks and blue eyes, who has been selling his pastilles for twenty or thirty years on the road. On a good day he will get rid of as much as half a hundredweight. Listen to him. "Come along folks, try my pastilles. Good for coughs, colds, asthma, and bronchitis. Place them on your tongue when leaving the theatre, the hot workshop, or the place of worship, allow them to dissolve, swallow the saliva. You will feel them penetrating the lungs and warming you like a glass of brandy." Professor Leslie, by the time these words appear in print, will doubtless be at Hull, where he was journeying on his way from Burton by way of Nottingham.

"WHAT are you a professor of?" I asked him amiably. "Me, guv'nor? I am a professor of Hobson's Choice." However, the professor assured me that he had nothing to grumble at. He reckons to make about 15s. a day, having paid all his expenses which includes the 30s. for his three days' stand in the Goose Fair. "Do you ever get sore throat?" I asked him. "Sometimes," was the frank reply, "when I eat too many of my pastilles."

Fifteen shillings a day seems to be about what the average showman expects to make. That was the figure given me by an itinerant photographer. He, too, said that things were not so good as they used to be. Not so long ago customers used to queue up for photographs. To-day they are blasé. A coco-nut shyster told me that coco-nuts cost him 3d. each, but the times are very quiet. Actually the coco-nuts placed on the sawdust at which you aim are not coco-nuts at all. They are wooden balls masquerading as coco-nuts.

Here I was given the real low-down on coco-nuts. The connoisseur, before having his four throws for 6d. ought to ask the showman whether his coco-nuts are Jamaica, Trinidad, or Ceylon. The Jamaica ones are the best. The others apparently are not really worth winning and drinking or eating. I was told, too, that in some counties the locals have become much better throwers than they were ten or fifteen years ago, and a sharpshooter might cost him a packet.

"Look at my stand," said my coco-nut shyster bitterly. "It looks more like a candy store. Once upon a time customers were content to take away the coco-nuts. Now we have to give them boxes of chocolates and goodness knows what else."

THE DART-THOWING BUSINESS is also not what it was; 15s. a day clear profit is the exception rather than the rule. By contrast, the various gambling games such as rolling a penny on to a square cloth giving the odds of anything from two to six, is thriving. One young fellow told me that he reckoned to clear £4 or £5 a day in pennies.

It is the same with the "totalisator"—a game in which you have to roll ping-pong balls down alley-ways to form a certain aggregate number. A young East-ender told me that he had five of them continuously at work, and that he reckoned to make £2 a day out of each of them. That is another example of the Americanization of the fair as exemplified at Nottingham last week.

You still have the Daring Denvers. I had quite a talk with Nellie Norman Denvers, the girl round whom the knives are thrown—a jumpy business.. The freaks still do an excellent business, despite the talkies. With the exception of "The smallest man in the world," who comes from Baffin Land, they are all English. The latest addition is a boy from Birmingham, who is what is known as a "stretcher." At the age of fifteen he was a normal height. To-day he is 7 ft. 1 in., and is expected to go on to 9 ft. or more in the next two years. "No, it is not morbid curiosity," said the showman. "After all, these poor people are much happier in a travelling show than they would be walking about the streets. Besides, they like to be looked at. It is their pride that they are unusual."

PERHAPS the most interesting figure at the Nottingham Goose Fair was Frank Bostock himself. He has come out of retirement after three years. "I thought it was fine to retire and do the country gentleman stuff in Surrey," he told me. "But after six months of enjoying myself as I thought, rolling and mowing the lawn, it got me again. Now I am back here I wish I was mowing the lawn. But one thing I can tell you. I am never going to let my son go into the show business. He is at college and is getting air-minded." As we spoke, a gust of wind flapped the roof of the tent. "You see what looks like a hole at both ends of the tent?" Frank Bostock asked me. "That is not lazy work on the part of my men. You have to have it fixed like that, otherwise a gust of wind might get in at one side and lift the whole thing away like a balloon."

All round us the lions were roaring, the barkers were barking, the roundabouts were bellowing, the "steam yachts" were swooping up and down. There were crowds round the Jungle Grand National, the high flier, the skid track, the electric horses, the Mont Blanc, the cake walk, and the ghost train.

A patient police constable summed it up neatly. "These fairs have nothing to worry about from the talkies," he said, "that is as long as people are glad to pay money to be made uncomfortable. Wonderful, isn't it?"

A CIVIC TOUR OF THE FAIR: The Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and Alderman W. Green pose for a photograph while holding three lion cubs from one of the sideshows

PATH *to* PROSPERITY

EVIDENCE OF REVIVING TRADE: An aerial view of the King George V Dock, London, showing over two-thirds of the available berths occupied. A considerable number of the vessels are from Empire ports and, according to one authority, are bringing in and taking out much larger cargoes than they were this time last year

THE MECHANICAL SPADE: This giant excavator, claimed to be the biggest in the Empire, is in use in the Northamptonshire ore fields of Messrs. Stewarts and Lloyds, the well-known tube manufacturers

FULL STEAM AHEAD: A busy scene in the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company's shops at Crewe. They have orders on hand for no fewer than one hundred and seventeen new engines

C

FROM AHKENATEN'S CELLAR: A sealed wine jar discovered at Tell el Amarna by the recent expedition under the ægis of the Egypt Exploration Society and which is now on view at an exhibition in London. It is over thirty-three centuries old

TREASURES OF

Rare Finds from the Ancient Cities o and Hermopolis Made During th

THIRTY-FIVE centuries ago, in Egypt, a ruler found a new religion, and lost an empire. His name was Ahkenaten. The story of his reign is one of the most absorbing and tragic in ancient history. He was an æsthete. He loved beauty not wisely but too well. He not only lost the empire his predecessors had created—an empire reaching from the Euphrates to the remote deserts of Nubia; the city he built by the Nile as a monument to his faith and his dreams was destroyed immediately after his death, and a curse placed upon it which the superstitious natives respect even to this day.

The remains of that city, which he called "The Horizon of the Disk," are now being excavated at Tell el Amarna by five young archæologists, under the leadership of Mr. John Pendlebury and the *ægis* of the Egypt Exploration Society. It is a remarkable city which the spades of the native workmen are gradually uncovering—as remarkable as the personality of its founder, to which many relics, until recently hidden under the stones of antiquity, bear witness.

It lies approximately midway between the site of Thebes, the city of Ahkenaten's forbears, and what is now Cairo, on a sandy level between Nile bank and a semi-circle of cliffs which shut it away from the adjacent desert and the world. Three wide roads run parallel with the river, flanked by a network of smaller streets and lanes. Here, hidden under sandy mounds, or bared at last to the sun, are the remains of florid palaces and temples, magnificent halls and bathing pools, the villas of nobles and officials, storehouses, and administrative buildings, and even a block of "model dwellings" for artisans which have much in common with workmen's tenements of to-day.

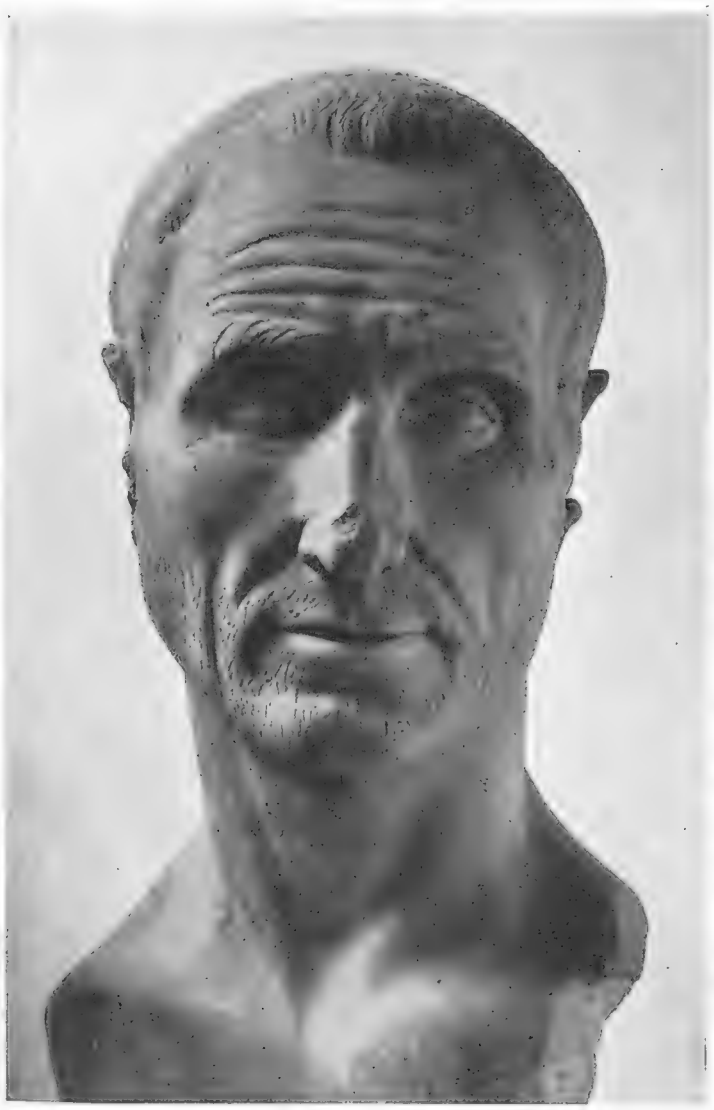
Ahkenaten, in fact, reveals himself as an expert town-planner. The discoveries of the expedition indicate that he went to the length of having the sandy soil removed in places by mass labour and replaced by Nile mud in which groves of trees were planted to make boulevards. After the sacking of the Minoan palace of Knossos on the island of Crete, he imported artists from there and had reproductions of their sculpture and handicraft moulded on mass-production principles to ornament the buildings of

YOUTH SEARCHES FOR THE SECRETS OF A BYGONE AGE: Mr. Ralph Lavers, a member of the expedition to Tell el Amarna

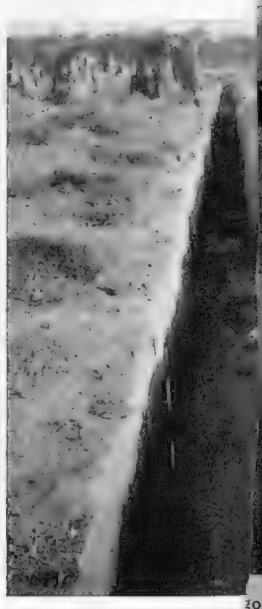
his dream city. The party working the "dig" actually live in what were originally the servants' quarters of the palace of a princess.

This city was the creation of a revolutionary and an idealist. When Ahkenaten became Pharaoh in 1375 B.C. he inherited an empire built up by the warrior-kings of the eighteenth Dynasty and a polytheistic religion which was the bulwark of government. With one impulse, he substituted a monotheistic faith, the cult of the Sun's Disk, or the Aten, for the hierarchy of deities of the older religion. In this he was a courageous

WINE JAR STOPPERS found in a house a Ahkenaten's model city by th



Left—WHO WAS IT? A marble bust unearthed at Hermopolis during excavations under the direction of Professor Roeder. It is Roman in origin, but it is not known whom it represents



WHERE THREE CIVILIZATIONS FLOURISHED: These pictures were taken a short whes periods. *On left*—Two columns of the Temple of King Sethos II (foreground) and ruins of Gre richly coloured floor of mos

EGYPT

Tell el Amarna 1934 Season

pioneer; but like so many revolutionary pioneers, he sought to achieve too much in too little time.

There was bitter opposition from the priesthood, who exercised a dominating influence over the people. Ahkenaten found that he could make little progress with the new religion in Thebes, the traditional capital of the empire, so he looked about for a place where he could build a new capital. New wine would only be soured in old bottles. He must make a clean sweep and build, as well as a new capital, a "house not made with hands."

This he did at Tell el Amarna, with remarkable speed. In order to emphasize his break with tradition he abandoned his original name of Amenhotep, derived from Amun, one of the gods he had repudiated, and became Ahkenaten, "It is well with the Disk." Here he lived, virtually a royal anchorite, for the rest of his life, vowing never to leave the city's boundaries.

He led the life of the dreamer and voluptuary. He composed hymns, painted, indulged a love of music. He became the first pacifist ruler in the history of Egypt, a dilettante of effeminate habits. Carvings which have been unearthed depict him not in the forefront of the battle or wielding a spear in hunting forays, like his all-conquering predecessors, but languidly caressing a lotus bloom, dallying with a beautiful youth, or driving peacefully in his chariot with his wife and small daughter. In many ways, in fact, he was a type of the young æsthete of the 'nineties of the past century, incredible though it seems in that remote dawn of history.

ell el Amarna—

There is evidence at Tell el Amarna that, towards the end of his reign he quarrelled with his beautiful wife, Nefertiti, whose painted bust, found in the excavations, is probably the best known of Egyptian relics, and co-opted his son-in-law, possibly half-brother, Smenkhara, to act as co-regent in the ruling of an empire which was fast crumbling through invertebrate neglect.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS: The temple of Nefru where a number of important finds have been made recently, including a modern-looking bath tub which was used for washing bodies prior to mummification

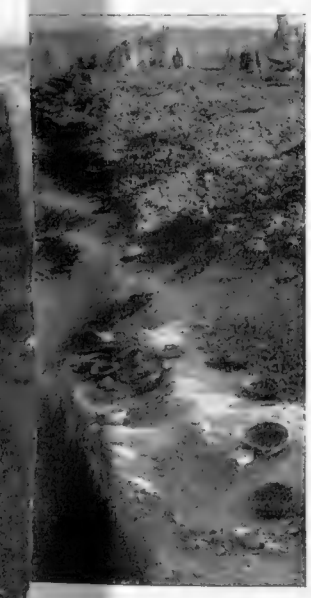
Echoes of widespread disaster reached him from time to time. City after city fell before resolute invaders from the East. Officials sent him urgent appeals for help in vain. Ahkenaten remained in his dreamer's paradise, inditing hymns to Aten, counting the world—and the empire—well lost. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Ahkenaten gained his own soul and lost the world.

This celestial city, this embodiment of a visionary's dream, lasted only a quarter of a century. When Ahkenaten died he was succeeded by the young Tutankhamen who abandoned the city of the Disk and returned to Thebes and the old method of worship. Its 250,000 inhabitants followed him. A curse was laid on the city and its founder, temples and palaces were razed to the ground; it became a city of the dead. The sands of the desert swept over it, obliterated it from view. When Ahkenaten was writing his poems he was writing its epitaph, though he did not know it. Not until forty years ago was its sleep disturbed, except by a few fellahin; then Professor Petrie began excavations, in a small way, which were resumed in earnest in the post-War years and are still continuing.

There is one noteworthy fact about this work: it is being carried out entirely by young men, the eldest of whom has only just passed the thirty mark. Mr. Ralph Lavers, for instance, the specialist in ancient architecture, is twenty-seven, youthful featured, and might only recently have come down from a university. His learning sits lightly upon him. He is an architect with pronounced leanings towards the modernist, functional style of building and, when he is not engaged on archæological research, is busy designing ultra-modern structures as an alternative to probing into the long-buried past.

(Continued on p. 72)

A ROYAL HEAD-DRESS: The crown and hair ornaments worn by a daughter of King Se'n Wosret II which were discovered by Sir Flinders Petrie in 1914 and which have now been arranged in this manner at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



go at Hermopolis where excavation work has brought to light remains of the Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman wh esidences (in background). *Centre*—A trench in which several treasures were unearthed. *On right*—A Gr nd two baths carved from solid stone

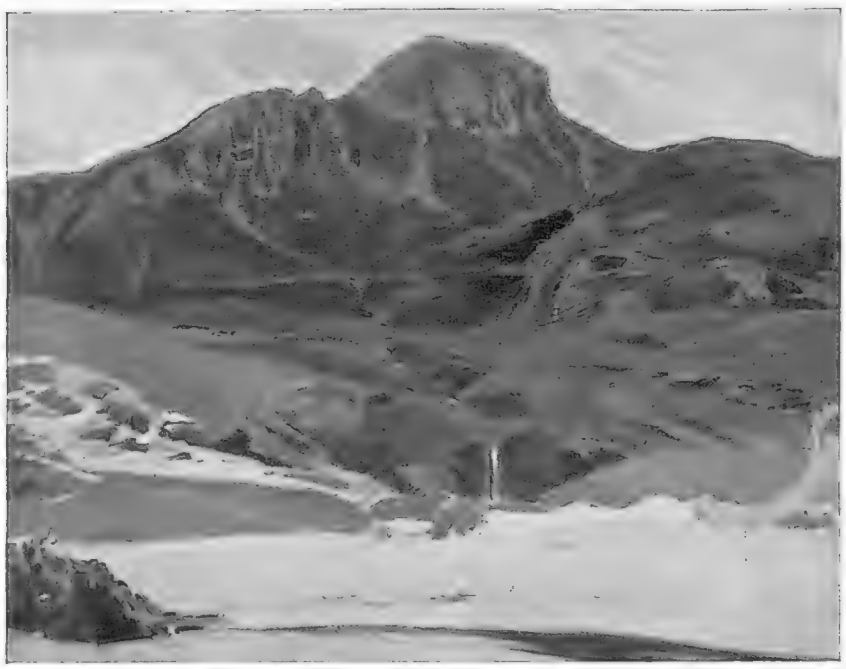
A CIRCLET OF GOLD: It decorated the hair of a lady of the Egyptian Court of 4,000 years ago and is now on view in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

ART NEWS

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

EARLY ROYAL EFFORTS: The two drawings in the top right-hand corner were made by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York when they were children, and can be seen at the exhibition of Amateur Art By All Ages at Agnew's Galleries

A MARQUETRY PANEL BY CHARLES SPINDLER: This artist, who specializes in inlaying coloured woods, is now showing his work at the Brook Street Art Gallery, Mayfair



WATCH HILL, KYLE OF TONGUE, SUTHERLAND: A striking landscape by Borlase Smart, R.O.I., which is now on view at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters

ART IN FINLAND: "Horn Owl Attacking a Rabbit"—a dramatic canvas by Ferdinand von Wright that has earned high praise from the critics

AN INTERESTING MEDIUM: "Windsor on a Rejoicing Night—1768" (left) and "Old Welsh Bridge, Shrewsbury"—two studies by Paul Sandby at the exhibition at Walker's Galleries of Gouache Paintings of the eighteenth century. Opaque colours are used, mixed with water, honey, and gum

EQUINE

THE PORTABLE PONY: Her name is Daisy, she is about the size of an Alsatian, has been trained to ride in a car, and can perform a host of other entertaining feats. She is seen here with her master and a very much larger edition of her species. Daisy belongs to a type which is becoming increasingly rare and which was once employed very largely in circuses

A DOUBLE EVENT: Twin colts produced by a mare owned by Lord Trevethin of Builth Wells. This rare occurrence is seldom welcomed as there is an old superstition that it brings bad luck

BOUND FOR THE EAST: Garry, one of the fastest sprinters in training in England this year, and Fair Greek, a promising two-year-old, which have been purchased for the Gaekwar of Baroda and are now on their way to India

MATUTINAL EXERCISE: Crossing the links during an early-morning ride at North Berwick, Scotland's fashionable seaside resort

NATIONAL HEROES IN GRANITE

Heads of Four Great American Presidents on a Dakota Mountain Top

MEN OF DESTINY: The head of George Washington which Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, has carved from the granite face of Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota. He is now creating beside it likenesses of Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. Over forty men are assisting in the work which is expected to take five years to complete and is costing about £100,000

A ROCK-HEWN PROFILE: Another view of the head of Washington. It measures over sixty feet from chin to forehead. The men engaged in drilling and chiselling it had to be suspended from the summit by ropes

A SECOND HEAD TAKES SHAPE: When all four are completed a giant tablet will be made bearing a 500-word history of the United States carved in letters three feet high and written by the late Calvin Coolidge

IN THE BLUE GRASS COUNTRY: Typical scenery near Berea

BEREA COLLEGE

A Unique Educational Enterprise in Kentucky

ABOUT seventy years ago, a certain Kentucky minister decided to start a school in Berea in connection with his church. But, right on the top of his excellent resolve came the Civil War, and the fighting that took place in the near neighbourhood nearly extinguished the fortunes of the little school, especially as the sympathies of the mountain people, not being slave-owners, were with the North.

It struggled back to life, however, when the crisis was over, and in 1869 developed into a college, which now enrols some 2,500 students a year, mainly from the surrounding districts.

The college had a unique situation to deal with, and has consequently become a unique institution. The student body consists only of young men and women who could not meet the full expenses of a University career, and it therefore provides them with paid work in order that they may contribute towards it. It is, of course, no unusual thing in America for a student to be earning part of his expenses while working for his degree, but it is a distinctive feature of Berea College that it provides all the paid work for the students as well as the teaching. And it not only provides it, but requires that a student shall spend at least ten hours a week in doing it. Thus all are there on an equal footing. The tuition is free, and the work that the student does enables him to pay 86 per cent. of his other expenses, thus making him almost independent.

THE question arises, what kind of paid work can possibly be found for students to do in such a region? Here again the college has considered and successfully met the needs of the young people that are passing through it. The student leaves the college with a B.A. or B.Sc. degree, which is the foundation for any profession he may wish to take up. Many of them, however, prefer to return to their homes, and therefore the work provided is all of a domestic or handicraft nature, such as will be useful to them in this case.

A glance into the college bakery will show you men students with white caps and aprons, pushing bread into the oven, or stacking the loaves already made on moving rails, and women students busy with biscuits, cakes, and pies. The fireside industries—weaving, spinning, dyeing, and rug-making—provide interesting and artistic occupation for the women, while in the carpentry section the men have the practical task of making the looms for them, and the more decorative one of making some very beautiful pieces of furniture, often copied from old familiar models. The house of the president of the college which stands, as do all the other buildings, in the "campus" or college grounds, is largely furnished with these. And there is also broom-making, pottery-making and engineering, a college dairy that supplies a pint and a half of rich milk to each student daily, a college press, and a college newspaper. The goods that are made by the students are sold, not only all over America, but in many parts of the world as well.

And last but not least, there is a charming little inn that offers accommodation to visitors, where the college

(Continued on p. 72)

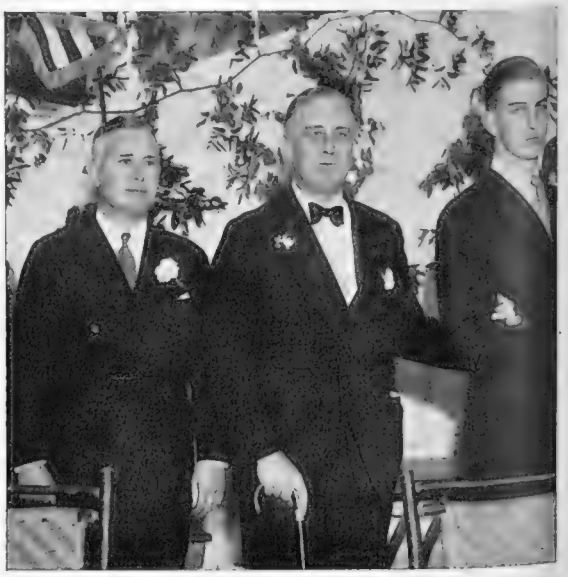
STUDENTS OF BEREA COLLEGE with their President, Dr. Hutchins (right)

A PRESIDENT'S SYMPATHY

Mr. Roosevelt comes to the Aid of Sufferers from Infantile Paralysis

WARM SPRINGS FOUNDATION: President Roosevelt seated in his car at the entrance to the home which he helps to maintain for children suffering from infantile paralysis—a disease with which he himself was afflicted some years ago, and the effects of which he has not yet completely thrown off. He frequently pays visits there, and has a cottage of his own in the neighbourhood

NEW HOPE: Two boys who are receiving treatment at Warm Springs



PRESIDENT AND HUMANITARIAN: Mr. Roosevelt with his son (right) at the dedication of an extension to the home. Great progress is being made there, as a series of celebration balls, held throughout the country last year, swelled the funds considerably and enabled the Committee of the Foundation to embark on a more ambitious programme

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"Lucky Break"—Arrant Nonsense but Admirable Entertainment at the Strand : Jean Forbes-Robertson in a Poor Pirandello Play : Douglas Byng at His Best

she did. But no amount of the aforementioned tense feyness could make Elena—or was it Lucia?—other than a depressing bore.

Mr. Peter Godfrey was excellent as a bit of a cad in the only scene which moved and was not played at funeral pace. Mr. Kynaston Reeves is an admirable actor in parts that suit him, but was here saddled with one that didn't, and the best performance of all came from Miss Joan Pereira.

"The Life that I gave Him."—Possibly, if a bout of Pirandello has to be faced, it is better to have two Pirandello plays in one week and to get them over.

The Life that I gave Him, an enterprise of the People's National Theatre (though what the connection is between Pirandello and the British People in the broad and national sense is a mystery) is an unnecessarily baffling play. Unnecessarily, because the problem with which it deals is apparently so complicated and in reality so simple. But this author's admirers delight to throw around him such a cloud of intellectual pretentiousness that I find it hard not to adopt an aggressively low-brow attitude.

What is a virtue in this play at the Little Theatre is that it is, though a typical product of the Pirandello stable, a play of some humanity. Also, it has been translated by Mr. Clifford Bax with that exquisite sense of style of which he is the master. And it is beautifully acted.

Mental immortality is the theme. That is to say, the argument is that people are dead only when we think they are, that we can keep them alive, in some Pirandelloist fashion, by refusing to admit their death to ourselves. The theory is as unsound in fact—which the author does not contest, as the "dead" man in this play is admitted to have died before the rise of the curtain—as it is philosophically insecure. Yet up to a point it is made dramatically effective and, although this author's school will probably shudder in highbrow horror at the phrase, *The Life that I gave Him*, has a certain entertainment value.

Old Donna Luna—ominous name—strives by an effort of the brain, self-hallucination, or some equally strange process, to keep her son "alive" out of her love for him and out of pity for the young girl he loved and who is to bear his child. Miss Nancy Price gives an extremely fine performance as Donna Luna, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft's power of dramatic pathos makes the young girl a real figure.

The play being very short, it is followed by another one, *Murder Trial*, by Mr. Sydney Box, which is also so short that the audience was leaving the theatre by 10 p.m.

I fear the "People," which likes full value for its money, will hardly be satisfied with such an exiguous evening's entertainment. I venture to suggest that a return to the mid-Victorian plan at the Little would be advisable, and, that without delay an announcement should be made that "The programme will conclude with a performance of the side-splitting farce *Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell?* in which the whole strength of the company will positively appear."

Murder Trial is half-thriller, half-satire, and wholly ingenious.

"Hey Diddle Diddle."—That the air of the nursery should pervade much of *Hey Diddle Diddle*, the new revue at the Comedy, is only appropriate if revues are to live up to their titles.

I find nothing wrong about nurseries, and they are beyond a doubt necessary. But *Hey Diddle Diddle* has in its company Mr. Douglas Byng, who deals in rhymes that are very far from nursery rhymes, and that keep the balance true. This is, indeed, a very well-balanced entertainment. It wears a little thin at times, just as Mr. Byng waxes a little thick; but by far the greater portion of it is good, and some excellent. There is a pretty chorus who can dance, some catchy tunes, and a dainty leading lady in June.

Daintiness June always had; she can now sing a song with point, act in a little sketch with still more point, and can even successfully tackle imitations. In a Spanish episode she was not very Spanish; for my part, I do not want June to be Spanish, and the more she sticks to the English-rose business, out of which she made her reputation, the better.

Mr. Byng is gloriously amusing as Nell Gwyn, romping ample-bosomed before an apparently terrified Charles II in the person of Mr. John Tilley, who is better suited with a lecturer's wand than with a sceptre. As a motor car and as a French can-can dancer, both of them of pre-War make, Mr. Byng also excelled.

I hope Mr. John Buckmaster does not become a "crooner." Apart from suspicious symptoms of that disease he made a remarkably promising début. He can act a bit, can walk the stage naturally, and is good to look upon, without a trace of affectation in effeminacy. Mr. Walter Crisham, a clever dancer, gives occasionally unconscious suggestions of Mr. Noel Coward, and Mr. Edward Cooper contributed a brilliant and conscious imitation of him.

Miss Doris Hare struck me as one of the cleverest all-round performers that ever adorned a revue cast; there seems to be nothing on the stage she cannot do well.

TO SEE

DUCHESS: Beatrix Lehmann in J. B. Priestley's *Eden End.*

HIPPODROME: Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes in *Yes, Madam?*

ST. JAMES': Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey in *The Shining Hour.*

"EDEN END": Two episodes from J. B. Priestley's latest play which is drawing large audiences to the Duchess Theatre. *Left*—Stella Kirby (Beatrix Lehmann) having returned to live with her father and having given the impression that she is still a spinster, is thoroughly disturbed when her husband (Ralph Richardson) turns up unexpectedly. *Right*—Alison Leggatt and Beatrix Lehmann as the sisters who both love the same man

BALLET AT SADLER'S WELLS: *Left*—Alicia Markova and Walter Gore who give accomplished performances in *Les Rendezvous*. *Right*—Claude Newman whose dancing has been highly praised

RECONCILIATION: Sidney (Gyles Isham), the black sheep of the family, is forgiven by his mother (Lilian Braithwaite). A moving moment in *Family Affairs*

CÆSAR'S SISTER: Sylvia Shaw as Octavia in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Old Vic. Mary Newcombe plays the part of Cleopatra

THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Reviews by Vernon Fane

H. G. Wells and the Book Society : A. A. Milne's Plea for Peace : The Sincerity of George Lansbury : Fearless James Agate

VOLUME I of **EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY** by H. G. Wells (Gollancz and Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.), is the October choice of the Book Society. Volume II will be their November choice.

When, in the days of its inception, the Book Society began to collect as "members" people who wanted their books chosen for them, it encountered a good deal of opposition from the trade, as well as from those who disliked the tone of high moral purpose in which this bookselling organization, run purely for profit, was being launched.

"We are especially ambitious," wrote the Chairman, "of helping young or comparatively unknown authors to a wider public, and to an encouragement speedier than would ordinarily be theirs."

It is obvious that Mr. H. G. Wells is neither young, unknown, nor does he "need a wider public." It is also obvious that October and November are the peak months of the 1934 publishing season. Yet, among all the books published, the Book Society cannot find anything better to fulfil their aims than two volumes of Mr. H. G. Wells's *Autobiography*, published with the convenient interval of two months between them.

It looks as if the Book Society Committee has travelled a long way from its declared ambition. No longer do they ask themselves what, being good, stands in need of encouragement (for there are plenty of books in that category in the autumn lists), but rather what is likely to be a popular, and therefore safe choice, most likely to bring the maximum amount of profit to the shareholders of the limited company they serve. It is a healthy move on the part of those ladies and gentlemen who form the Committee of the Book Society for the mantle of honesty is ever a welcome garment.

Of course, *Experiment in Autobiography* cannot fail to be popular. Discerning critics will have discovered a wealth of autobiography in the novels of H. G. Wells, novels which have been read by millions. "In a novel of mine," he says, "called *Love and Mr. Lewisham* which is about just such a Grammar School teacher as I was, I have described how he had pinned up on his wall a 'Schema,' planned to make the utmost use of his time and opportunities. I made that *Schema* . . ."

And so it goes; the apprenticeships to the drapery business, the schoolmastering, the science studentship at South Kensington, the "collapse into literary journalism," the "struggle for a living," and ending, with this volume, at about the time of the publication of the first novel. There are also letters, reproduced in facsimile, in which amusing little thumb-nail sketches appear. "I cannot do any but the simplest sums in my head. . . . I had taken to drawing rather vigorously and freshly."

Here then, is the autobiography of a man whose influence on the life of his times has been undeniable. A born writer, he handles the trivia of his career as vigorously and freshly as he draws, and fits it, like a good scientist, into the formula he has made for the analysis of the development of his brain and personality. In a prelude he states not so much the plan, but the necessity for his "experiment." We have read enough in this volume to be impatient for the one to come.

Another popular book will, or should be, **PEACE WITH HONOUR**, by A. A. Milne (Methuen. 5s.). Says Mr. Milne:

"I am against War.
I think War wrong.
I also think it silly."

Mr. Milne is no screaming pacifist but a man of letters who sets out logically and soberly to examine and to answer every possible avenue of argument in favour of war, and ends with a constructive suggestion how to accomplish the perpetual peace we all desire.

In the course of his book Mr. Milne tells a story of a quiet boy in his reserve battalion fresh from school. They were on their way to France together. His elder brother had been killed and his parents had rather pathetically bought for him an under-garment of chain-mail. He was rather embarrassed. Should he wear it—as he had promised his parents he would—or would it be "unsporting . . . something not quite done; perhaps, even a little cowardly? . . . He asked my advice; charmingly, ingenuously, pathetically. I told him to wear it. On the evening when we first came within reach of the battle zone, just as he was settling down to his tea, a crump blew him to pieces."

I have not the space to review this book as I would like to. If I were a millionaire I would distribute a million copies. And then that wouldn't be enough.

It so happens that the next book on my list is **DANGER ZONE**, by E. Keble Chatterton (Rich and Cowan. 18s.), which is the story of the Queenstown Command "with its mystery ships, sloop flotillas, its armed trawlers, drifters, M.L.s, and—during the second phase—its American destroyers, submarine chasers, British and American submarines, as well as rescue tugs," an immense miscellaneous fleet responsible for the safety of shipping passing through the submarine zone to keep the United Kingdom from starvation. It is an authoritative well-documented, plentifully illustrated, thrilling, and important book.

MY ENGLAND, by the Right Hon. George Lansbury (Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.), who is, as his publishers state, "the best loved man of his party, and the friend of all who care for the simple liberties of the citizen."

A TOUR OF MALLORCA: Cecil Aldin takes his ease in an armchair placed in a donkey cart, while his dogs enjoy a rabbit hunt on the precipitous mountain slopes

Not everyone will agree with the direction of his aims as laid down in this book, but they will find it difficult not to fall under the spell of the sincere and lovable personality behind it. They will find wisdom and a good deal of tolerance, of a kind, for instance, that led Mr. Lansbury, a life-long teetotaler, to be the first Minister to allow drinks in the parks.

Yes, and in his demand for the establishment of Socialism they will find this:

"I have no fear of the Royal Family. They have shown their willingness to accept the Nation's will too often to allow of any doubt on that score."

Three Drawings from Cecil Aldin's Autobiography, "Time I Was Dead"

Above—A JUMPING CRACKER: During a stay in the country "Cracker," the author's bull terrier, took a great fancy to a lamb and was so fascinated by the latter's gambolling that he tried, with amazing success, to imitate it

TWO IN HAND: An impression of Cecil Aldin by Jack Hassall. Eyre and Spottiswoode are the publishers

Chock full of good stories, lively anecdotes, and the colour of a full life is the autobiography of Cecil Aldin, succinctly entitled **TIME I WAS DEAD** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.).

The story of the title is typical. "Whose are those?" demanded a prospective customer in a picture shop, catching sight of two prints on the walls. "Cecil Aldin's," he was told. "Cecil Aldin!" he exclaimed in a tone of deep disappointment not unmixed with annoyance. "Cecil Aldin! Time he was dead!"

A large, fat book, full of cheerful philosophy, and brimming with good spirits concerning everybody and everything the author has met with in a long and active life. A book to buy and to keep.

THE MEMOIRS OF A BOOKMAN, by James Milne (John Murray. 12s.), is a book full of the good rich fare of an active life spent in the pleasant paths of the literary and artistic life from the 'nineties to the present day.

Mr. James Milne has not only met and made friends with all the important literary personages of his day and is able to stock his pages with interesting gossip about them but he is also able to record "how it is all done," how some popular authors work, as well as the confession of their favourite characters in fiction.

Incidentally there is, of interest to bookmen, a particularly interesting piece of literary sleuthing, performed while the author was running *The Book Monthly*, concerning Stevenson's famous quatrain, "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest."

MONOLOGUE, by Sewell Stokes (Hutchinson. 18s.), is also a book about his contemporaries by a young man who apparently thinks them important enough to set down at length.

Mr. Stokes doesn't like Fleet Street nor, as far as I can see, the people who work there, but he simply adores the plays of Rodney Ackland, and devotes a whole chapter to that young man's views on women.

A book of which every theatrical manager in London should be forced to read every word is **FIRST NIGHTS**, by James Agate. I agree with the publishers (Ivor, Nicholson, and Watson. 10s. 6d.) that this selection from Mr. Agate's critical articles on the contemporary theatre is deserving of the permanence they here give them. Anybody reading this book (including the managers who won't) can see for himself that Mr. Agate persists in being, uniquely, Mr. James Agate, a fearless critic, abreast of his times, and, in pleasant contrast to some of his contemporaries, a man who loves the theatre.

Two important biographies, each authoritative and definitive in their own sphere are **POET IN EXILE: THE LIFE OF HEINRICH HEINE**, by Antonia Vallentin, translated by Harrison Brown (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), and **CHOPIN: HIS LIFE**, by William Murdoch (John Murray. 16s.).

The life of Heine is a real masterpiece of biography; the subject is one full of tragedy and suffering, and contains a remarkably prophetic foreshadowing of the state of present-day Germany.

Mr. William Murdoch writes his biography of Chopin in the light of some new discoveries concerning the great composer. It is an authoritative and well-balanced work, and is certainly destined to be the standard biography.

On page 72 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

TWEEDS FOR COMFORT *and* ENDURANCE

Motoring clothes, in a specialized sense, are no longer a necessity, unless one happens to be a sports car enthusiast. But any sort of travelling calls for practicability in hats and suits, since one's comfort depends upon the way in which they are cut, and one's appearance upon their durability and good temper. On the right is a very distinguished hat from Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W. Made in black fur felt, the crumpled crown is encircled by gilt cords and a black suède and gilt buckle ornaments the front. It is light and easy to wear.

Loosely woven egg-blue tweed makes the cardigan suit shown below. Dark brown threads give it a darned effect, and the scalloping of the neck and the very wide belt are of brown felt. The coat has slanting patch pockets and a little basque, and the flared skirt has a wide belt at the waist. The longest day's journey would not make this suit look weary, for there is nothing to get out of shape, and it is practically uncrushable. It comes from Jaeger's of 352, Oxford Street, W., and, without the jumper, costs seven and a half guineas.

Admirably cut and tailored, the coat below nobly lives up to the Studd and Millington tradition, which stands for perfection of line and fabrics which are outstanding in design and quality. It is in striped black and white tweed, and it has a luxurious collar of pointed jap fox. Made in patterned velours or novel weave tweeds, it is available from 12 guineas, and it comes from 51, Conduit Street, W. For 7½ guineas they also do grand suits, made to measure.

NAPLES

And its Glorious Bay

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

WHERE BRUTUS AND CASSIUS PLANNED CÆSAR'S DOWNFALL: The rocky island of Nisida, near Naples

HOUSES WITH A VIEW: A scene in the residential quarter of the city

THE CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DI PAOLA, which was completed in 1831 and is an imitation of the Pantheon in Rome. It contains some fine pictures by Italian masters

JEWEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: Naples and its bay with white-plumed Vesuvius in the distance

CASTEL NUOVO: The fortress built by Charles I of Anjou in the thirteenth century. It was afterwards the residence of the kings of Aragon and the Spanish Viceroys

FEW holiday centres in the world can rival Naples in natural beauty and historic interest, and it deserves to be favoured by visitors from this country much more than it is for an autumn or winter holiday, since it has a climate which is uniformly mild at that time, with never a sudden drop in temperature; and the weather is extremely favourable for making trips to the many interesting and beautiful places in the neighbourhood, whilst as for the extra distance from this country as compared with other Italian holiday centres, this is really but little. The train-de-luxe which leaves London in the morning and reaches Rome the next evening, gets to Naples a few hours later the same day.

Another thing to bear in mind is that Naples has changed considerably, and much for the better, during the last few years under the Fascist régime. Those who knew the city before the War would scarcely recognize it now, in many parts at any rate. Streets have been remade, and additional roads created which are excellent for motoring. Housing conditions and sanitation have greatly improved, and close attention has been given to the upkeep of parks and public gardens, while life all round has been rendered brighter, and Naples is certainly, now, a very desirable place in which to spend a holiday. Moreover one has to remember that the connections by sea between Naples and this country are frequent and very good, and that one can always obtain a moderately priced return ticket.

The attractions of Naples are many. It has had such a stirring history, commencing as a Greek colony—the Greeks gave it its name, "Neapolis"—then, as a dependency of Rome, attacked, unsuccessfully, by Pyrrhus of Epirus, and by Hannibal, suffering heavily during the wars of the Goths, captured by both Belisarius and Totila, becoming a dependency of the Eastern Roman Empire, then establishing itself as an independent Republic, and remaining so for four hundred years. Eventually it was captured by the Normans and absorbed into the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, of which it was the capital—under the Hohenstaufens, Angevins, Aragonese, Habsburg Spaniards, Bourbons, Napoleon, and the restored Bourbons, until the gallant Garibaldi gave it deliverance, and it became part of a united Italy. Consequently it possesses many proud relics of the past.

OUTSTANDING among these is the Castle of St. Elmo, which, built on the site of a fort erected by Robert the Wise, in 1329, by Don Pedro de Toledo in 1537–46, with rock-hewn fosses and massive ramparts, dominates the entire city. Very picturesque is Castel Nuovo, near the harbour, dating from the reign of Charles I of Anjou, in 1279–82, and which contains between its round towers the triumphal arch of Alfonso I; also Castel dell'Ovo, which stands on the small island of Salvatore, which is joined to the shore by an arch-supported causeway at the foot of the Pizzofalcone. Among the churches and chapels of Naples, there are no less than 237 of the former and 57 of the latter, the most famous is the Cathedral of St. Januarius, the patron saint of the city, which dates from 1294–1323. It is a Gothic building, and of exceptional interest is the Cappella del Tesoro, dedicated to St. Januarius in the early seventeenth-century in recognition of his having saved Naples "from famine, war, plague, and the fire of Vesuvius." In a silver tabernacle behind the high altar are the two phials partially filled with the blood of the Saint, which figure in the sacred ceremony of the Liquefaction, when Naples seethes with excitement.

Accessible from the Cathedral is the basilica of Santa Restituta, of the fourth century, with important mosaics of that period, and other churches of great interest are Santa Chiara with a fresco attributed to Giotto, San Domenico Maggiore, founded in 1289, with a rich Renaissance interior; San Filippo Neri, which has a white marble façade; Sant' Anna dei Lombardi, with splendid Renaissance sculpture; San Giovanni a Carbonara, of date 1343, which contains the masterpiece of Andrea da Firenze; S. Maria Donna Regina, with frescoes by Pietro Cavallini; and S. Gennaro, which has catacombs not far inferior to those in Rome.

The reputed tomb of Virgil at Piedigrotta in Naples is now known to be only the hypogeum of an unknown Roman family, but just outside the city are the early Greek settlement of Cumae; Pozzuoli with its amphitheatre, and other Roman remains; the Roman ruins at Baiae; and the Lake of Avernus which, in ancient days, was held to be the entrance to Hades. A magnificent collection of antiquities of the Greek and early Roman days in Naples is to be seen in the National Museum, which itself dates from 1790, where there are splendid Pompeian frescoes and mosaics, Italo-Greek vases, the famous bronzes known as the seated Mercury and the dancing Faun, and such masterpieces of ancient statuary in marble as the Capuan Venus, the Farnese Hercules, the Toro Farnese, and the Psyche.

THE Royal Palace, an enormous building of the seventeenth century, now contains the National Library, and the Palace of Capodimonte a gallery of modern pictures and a fine collection of eighteenth-century Neapolitan porcelain. The University of Naples has zoological, mineralogical, and geological museums, and the aquarium in the Villa Nazionale, founded in 1872, has a fame that is world-wide, for the marine flora and fauna of the district of Naples are more varied than any other in Europe. There are many fine thoroughfares and splendid shops in Naples—Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, Via Roma, Riviera di Chiaja, among others—and the view of the city and the bay from the fashionable quarter of Vomero Hill is magnificent.

Sport and amusement are well provided for in Naples. Devotees of bathing, boating, sailing, and fishing have the Bay, with its marvellous scenic setting, for a playground. Tennis is general, and a golf-course is being opened shortly on the beautiful Capodimonte hill. Lovers of music will find good fare every evening of their stay, and there is always excellent opera during the winter and spring seasons at the San Carlo opera house, and there are several theatres, whilst dancing is a feature in the large, up-to-date hotels of Naples, as in those of other great cities, and in times of festival and carnival Naples is particularly gay. Moreover there is a considerable English colony in the city, which brightens social life for English visitors.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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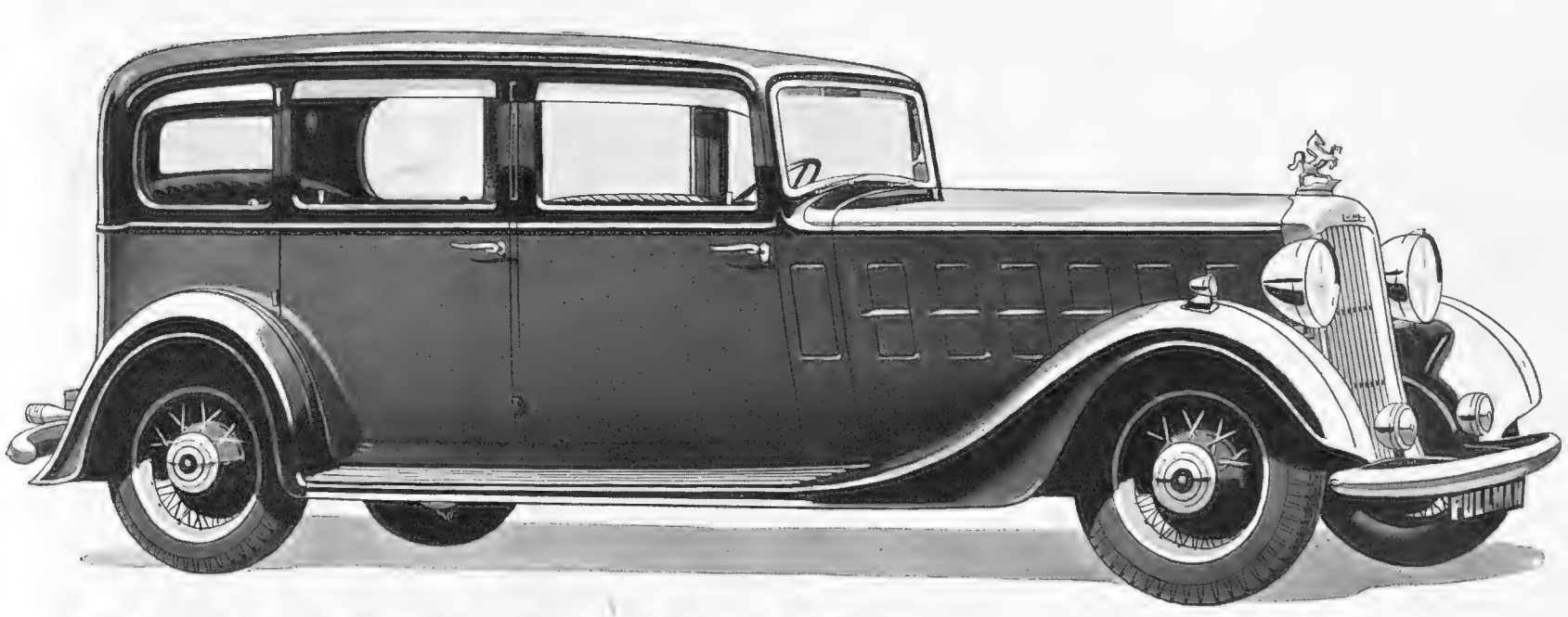

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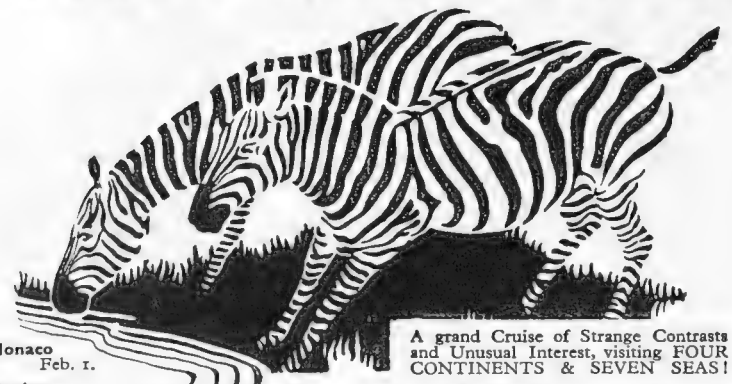

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TREASURES OF EGYPT

(Continued from p. 59)

Mr. Pendlebury, besides being a distinguished scholar, is a young athletic Blue. Mr. H. W. Fairman is young and enthusiastic enough to see the romantic glamour of the "dig," when the Nile night is eerie with the cries of foxes and jackals away over the desert and the moon looks down on a dead city, as well as the archæological value of the "finds."

These may be as important as the wonderful head of Nefertiti and a low-relief of Ahkenaten, or as trivial as a child's rattle fashioned of clay with a crudely-modelled head of an antelope and a hollow filled with pebbles, a bed just as its owner abandoned it 3,500 years ago, a jar filled with ingots—part of a forgotten hoard. But all are pieces of a complicated jig-saw puzzle of history which is gradually taking shape, emerging from the mists of antiquity, revealing an experiment in revolutionary rule and religion which was too soft and too brittle to last. And there is always the prospect of making the greatest find of all before the labourers end their day's work and return homeward along *Es Sikket es Sultan* (The King's Road), perhaps with a band of native girls singing and dancing in front, and clapping their hands in time to the strange Eastern music.

Trevor Allen

BEREA COLLEGE

(Continued from p. 62)

women act as waitresses, and the men do a variety of jobs. And if you stay there, and are up early enough in the morning, you may see a little housemaid in a pretty flowered frock with a white cap and apron, and hear her singing gently at her work. She may wear whatever dress she chooses, provided it is not of silk (for luxury is not tolerated at Berea), but she must wear the regulation cap and apron. And another may curtsey to you when she has finished serving you at table, and tell you shyly that it has been a great pleasure to wait upon you.

One leaves this busy centre with the feeling that nothing could be more delightful than the spirit that prevails at Berea. The students look well and happy, and not in the least overworked; they are ready and proud to tell you with a smile all you may want to know about their college. They wander about the beautiful campus with its red brick buildings, and trees that harbour red-headed woodpeckers, blue jays, and burly robins, and all the while they have before them a wonderful view of the hills that are their home, and of the country that sent Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis to the Presidency. There is hope for them for the future, and a happy time for the present.

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SPIKE ISLAND, CORK: One of the three strategic points in the Irish Free State which are still garrisoned by British troops

England's Last Irish Outposts

President de Valera Would Like them to be Evacuated—His Strange Suggestion to the Government

IN THE course of an interview he recently gave to a SPHERE representative, Mr. de Valera had occasion to refer to what are known as the Treaty Ports. These are the three strategical waters which Britain saw fit to "reserve" (i.e. to maintain a watch over) when the Irish Free State came into being as a result of the painful signatures of December, 1921, in connection with which the late Lord Birkenhead and the late Michael Collins figured so generously. The reserved waters—now probably as good as forgotten in this country—are Cork Harbour, Bantry Bay, and Lough Swilly.

That they would figure conspicuously in any future recomposition of the Irish situation is made evident by Mr. de Valera's placing the trio in the forefront of the situation, already, by offering a "British Isles Locarno" in their regard. The President of the Executive Council said: "We on our part would be ready to guarantee to use our entire strength to frustrate any attempt to use our territory as a base of attack on Great Britain. Such a guarantee would be a far more effective safeguard than, for example, the retention of Irish ports against the will of the Irish people." In other words: "Clear out of these Free State ports and, other things being equal, we shall undertake that they are never used by a foreigner against Britain." Few will doubt the Irish word; still, the fact does endure that these waters have been notably used in the past by foreign enemies. . . .

However, cutting out history, how just are the British maintenance parties and garrison units situate to-day, these forgotten outposts of Empire, so near at hand?

There is no air force—customary policing arm—but both navy and army. Five torpedo-boats suffice for the watch. Two of these are in Lough Swilly, off the Donegal coast; another two are located "on" Bere Island, commanding Bantry Bay; a fifth and final vessel does service off Spike Island in Cork Harbour. Fortunately for the crews of the two first stations, vessels are constantly interchanged, while reliefs from the fleet in home waters are no less frequent. Although it has the beauties of Donegal and the sport of Ulster close at hand, the Lough Swilly station can be pretty dismal, especially in winter. The same applies, though less so, to Bantry Bay. Here the Gulf Stream operates favourably, while sport in the peerless Killarney country is available. Bantry Bay abuts on "the Irish Riviera," round Glengarriff.

Nevertheless, Cork is the popular station—alike with those afloat and ashore. In fact, there is quite a run on Spike just now, many more applicants than there are vacancies.

The Cork Station consists of Spike Island, plumb in the centre of the harbour entrance, and of three forts on the mainland of which Camden and Carlisle are always garrisoned. These, on either side, hold Cork Harbour. Finally, there is the solitary naval unit, moored in the vicinity.

The whole force may number 16 to 20 officers and 300 other ranks. There are gunners, sappers (including wireless), R.A.S.C., and general maintenance parties. The command is in the hands of an R.G.A. Lieut.-Colonel.

At sunrise and sundown the Union Jack still waves o'er Irish soil, and British bugles still ring out. It is even the fact that British uniforms are still fleetingly seen in Cork itself, when small leave parties pass to and from the Fishguard boat. But no "incident" ever mars things. Actually, this tiny British garrison in unique waters is on quite good terms with the local inhabitants. That is one of the reasons there are currently so many applicants for Cork service. Time was, after the "troubles," when every British serving man wanted to get out and away from Ireland. But those times have changed, at least as far as Cork (which has never been too hostile towards England) is concerned. Cork City is still a Cosgrave stronghold, when it isn't an O'Duffy one. There are rabid republicans there, but nothing like next door in Kerry, perhaps the wildest of the lot.

Officers and men live with their wives and families on Spike where they entertain friends from the mainland. There are dances and mess nights and other occasions. In return, the officers golf and hunt and fish ashore—and in some of the best and cheapest country in Europe to-day. Of course, mufti is always worn outside the tiny garrison points. If and whenever change should come, no one, not even Mr. de Valera, will make charge against the bearing ("doing a job") of these last uniformed English.

F. T.

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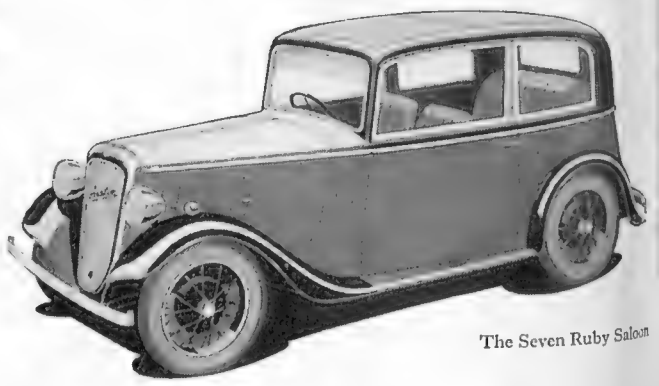

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The Joy of the Open Road

A SURVEY OF THE OUTSTANDING EXHIBITS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH MOTOR SHOW

Conducted by
A. PERCY BRADLEY,
M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

The motoring year of 1934 is now over, and the opening of the doors of Olympia on Thursday, October 11, marked the beginning of the new season. Perhaps it would not be amiss to look back more or less hurriedly over the past twelve months before commenting upon the future. Motoring as a whole has had a very successful time, and there is no doubt that the outputs of the various British factories have been up to anticipation. The financial results of the efforts made by the various firms have in practically every instance been gratifying to the directors and the shareholders. At the same time the public have been offered and have bought cars, the value of which for the money paid has never before been equalled, and I doubt very much whether any other industry can offer goods of really high quality at such ridiculously low prices.

At one time it might have been thought that the exhibits at Olympia would, as far as the cars are concerned, display a distinct tendency towards the ultra-streamlined contour, but on going round the stands it will be noticed that the streamlined car has not taken on to the extent which was at first anticipated. The Americans adopted this type of coachwork, and when the early examples came into this country they attracted an immense amount of notice, but it must not be forgotten that this development is not an American novelty, but merely a copy of what Britain has done previously. Frequently so-called fresh ideas come over from America and are handed out to us as epoch-making and novel, whereas in actual fact in nine cases out of ten they are our own ideas rehashed, and put across with loud shouts of publicity.

The easy-change gear-box and automatic clutch have each become more widely adopted. The battle between the epicyclic gear-type and the synchromesh gear-box still carries on, and at the moment it is impossible to say which is going to smother the other. In practice each has many qualities of its own which appeal to different people, and it may well be that in the end both types will remain. The automatic clutch is now very much in the limelight, and there is no doubt that its adoption is a step in the right direction. The car of the future is bound to be one which will be fitted with just one control, either operated by hand or by foot. This one control when moved in one direction will make the car gather up speed from a standstill to its maximum of 70 or 80 m.p.h., and when the driver wishes to stop it he will merely pull back the control in the opposite direction, and that will bring the car to a standstill in the shortest space of time. The automatic clutch is obviously indicated as part of the necessary mechanism if internal combustion engines are to remain the motive power of the future car. Visitors to Olympia should, therefore, make a very close examination of those cars on view which are fitted with examples of automatic clutch.

Saloons still hold pride of place; in fact it is a matter of some difficulty to find examples of open cars on the stands. Still, visitors who go to Olympia in order to look for the latter must not give up hope if they find, after a considerable time, nothing but saloons. There are some open cars, for I suppose there will always be a small proportion of the motoring public who will have nothing else. Most motorists, however, prefer the open air only when it is fine, but as the majority cannot afford two cars, both an open and a closed one, coach-builders have risen to the occasion and produced a dual-purpose body which is seen this year in even greater numbers than ever before. Those types which are on view may be taken as entirely satisfactory, as those that gave trouble in the early days have ceased to exist.

THROUGH SOLID ROCK: The formal opening by the Minister of Transport last month of the reconstructed road between Ballachulish and Dochfour marks the completion of a new circuit of first-class roads between Edinburgh and Glasgow. This picture gives an idea of the difficulties with which the road-makers had to contend

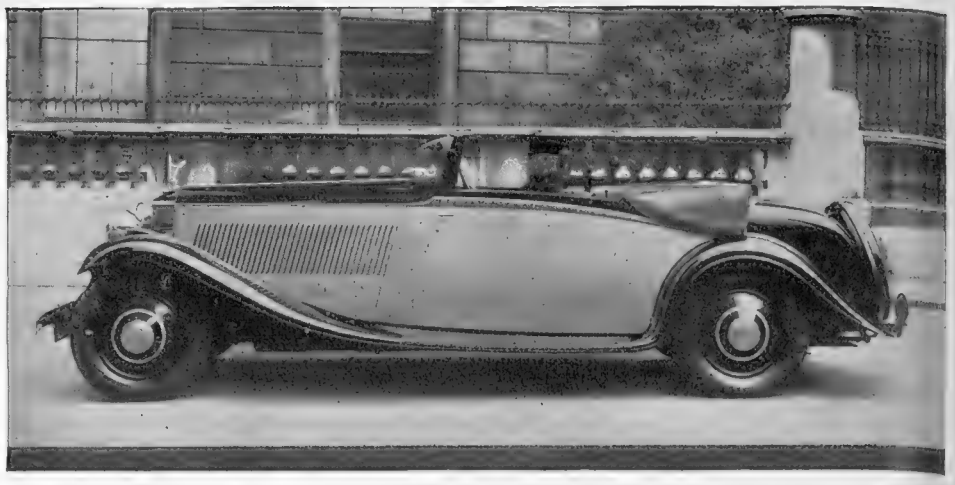
Next year the horse-power tax on cars is reduced by 25 per cent., but strange to relate the exhibits at Olympia do not seem to have been affected, except in the "baby" class. Most of us thought that with this reduction in the annual tax firms would have produced new models with comparatively large engines. There are, of course, quite a number of cars in the class exceeding 20-h.p., but most of them are of foreign manufacture. Olympia will show us that the "baby" car is now growing up. This is a development which always takes place in the motor trade. "Baby" cars, light cars, or voiturettes, as they have been called from time to time, become popular, are bought in large numbers, their owners want more accommodation, the makers vie with one another to meet the demand, provide the extra room, then find that it requires a larger engine to take it along at the same speed, and so before very long the "baby" becomes a strapping youth. The exhibits will show, as I said before, that this development is taking place, it is quite a healthy move, but at the same time it is refreshing to notice amongst the stands that there are still one or two "baby" cars to purchase.

No visitor to Olympia, who is in any way interested in motoring, should leave the Olympia building without going round the so-called Accessory Stands. It is an amazing fact that accessories and gadgets are always objects of interest even to the most hard-baked motorist. Cars to-day are equipped so completely that at first sight it would appear almost an impossible task for anyone to add even one extra fitting without duplicating what is already on the car. An examination, however, of the stands in question will very quickly show that the ingenuity of the accessory maker is still very active and very successful in bringing into being articles of real utility.

It must be remembered that Olympia not only houses a most comprehensive display of the latest motor cars, but it is also the venue of an exceedingly interesting motor-boat show. In the old days car drivers all went out at week-ends to enjoy motoring, but a large number in these modern times use their car at week-ends in order to reach the sea or the river where their motor boat or cruiser lies. The exhibits at Olympia are an eye-opener to the average car owner. He will be surprised to note that the prices of quite large cruisers, sumptuously fitted out, are well within his means. The cost of upkeep is likewise surprisingly low, and so I venture to suggest that a very careful examination of the boat exhibits be made.

THE CAR OLYMPIAD

Notable Exhibits in Detail



ROLLS-ROYCE — A Foursome Cabriolet de Ville mounted on the 40–50 h.p. Continental chassis. The cellulose paintwork is in matt aluminium grey and black — BARKER

ROLLS-ROYCE.—Startling innovations, revolutionary designs, and unorthodox development do not feature in the policy of the Rolls-Royce concern. Outwardly, the cars that are exhibited this year are of the same pattern as those that were brought to Olympia twelve months ago. Nevertheless, Rolls-Royce are continually experimenting behind the scenes and effect variations in their cars when such a course is desirable. In regard to coachwork, this is always made by established body builders, and of recent years designs have been worked out by close co-operation between the car manufacturers on the one hand and the body craftsmen on the other. The exhibits comprise four cars, each of the bodies being by a different coachbuilder, but conforming to the ideas and standards laid down by Rolls-Royce themselves.

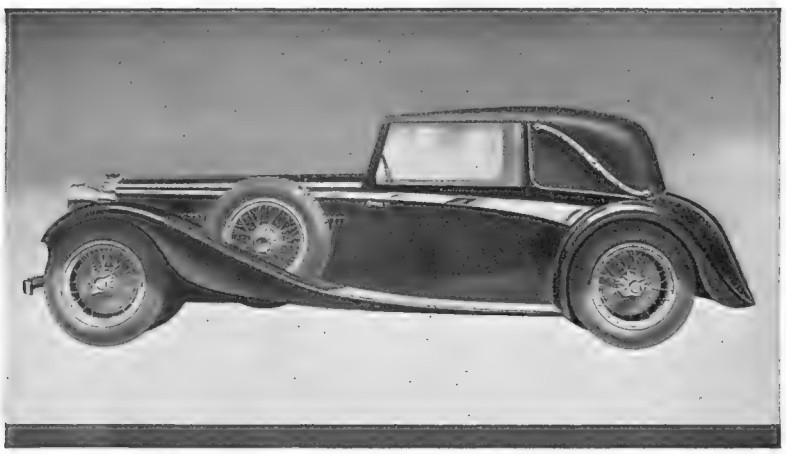
The Hooper limousine on the 40–50 long chassis was evolved to fulfil the expert's idea of the most completely equipped, most comfortable and luxurious car of its type ever produced. Special ventilation methods are employed, and there is a hot-water heating installation for cold weather. Radio is installed, to mention only one of the many items that make for pleasant passenger motoring; and the car is, of course, endowed with permanent jacks for each wheel, dual screen wipers, traffic indicators, and other items which we have been brought up to regard as necessities. Notwithstanding an exceptionally "clean" exterior line for the car, there is very generous luggage accommodation.

The other car in the larger class of Rolls-Royce has a high quality "owner-driver" body by Barker. An interior drive saloon with sunshine roof, it seats five persons and can accommodate large suit cases in the tail of the car and heavier luggage on the rear platform which can be lowered if necessary.

The general appearance of this handsome car has been enhanced by a slight chassis modification resulting in a lower body mounting, and a slightly shorter body without limiting the interior accommodation. The car as shown costs £2,476.

The remainder of the space on the Rolls-Royce stand is given up to two of the 20–25-h.p. cars, one a Thrupp and Maberly enclosed limousine which, in design and quality of workmanship, follows that of the larger Hooper bodied car, and a Park Ward saloon designed for owner-driver use. The former costs £1,560, and £1,595 is the price of the other.

It is impossible to see the Rolls-Royce display without the quiet dignity of these magnificent cars impressing itself on one's mind. There are no glaring colour schemes or freak tendencies, and nothing that does not tend further to increase the national pride that every Britisher feels when the name of Rolls-Royce is before him.



ALVIS — The Speed Twenty four-sealer drop-head coupé, which may well be classed as one of the fastest cars on the road

ALVIS.—Alvis for several years past have adopted a policy of steadiness and a strong will to produce only high-grade cars of extremely high performance. The Speed Twenty models are retained with certain important modifications in specification, prominent among which are still more effective silencing, improved front-wheel suspension making the 1934 system even better, and a revised braking system. The sports saloon, finished in two shades of grey and with red upholstery, and the other Speed Twenty exhibit in the form of an open four-seater with black and red as its colour scheme, are both extremely graceful and pleasing cars.

Interesting mechanical points, in addition to the independent front-wheel suspension, are the Alvis all-synchromesh 4-speed gear-box and dual ignition systems.

The Firebird is an entirely new model in the Alvis range. It has a 14-h.p. 6-cylinder high-efficiency type engine, and the same pattern gear-box as the Speed Twenty models. At Olympia, on the Alvis Stand, there are two examples of this new product; one being a four-seater drop-head coupé in fawn finish, and the other a four-light green saloon. Both cars are priced at £510 complete.

The Crested Eagle models have been retained for 1935, and they have Wilson preselector gear-boxes. Another newcomer is the Silver Eagle Sixteen, a 16-h.p. 6-cylinder car, two examples of which are included in the range of cars displayed.

Here, on the Alvis Stand, is ample proof of the popularity of the open sports type of car, as well as the vogue for saloons. Various patterns of four-seaters are included, each of them being the true motoring enthusiast's car, and of a quality that is not afraid of the closest inspection, without or within.

MORRIS.—One of the busiest stands at Olympia and one of the largest is that devoted to the Morris range for 1935. There have been important changes in the company's programme for next season, and considerable interest will be centered round the new 8-h.p. model. As from January 1, the tax will be £6 a year, and genuinely big business will undoubtedly be done with this car at the Show. Three examples of this new model are on view — the two-seater costing £118, the two-door saloon £132 10s., and the four-door model £142 10s. All these cars have generous leg and head room for the full complement of passengers for which they were designed, and the mechanical specification includes, in addition to the normal luxuries, such refinements as hydraulic braking and shock-absorbers and dip-stick oil indicators for the gear-box and rear axle.

Six other Morris models are on the stand, the next in order of size and price being the Ten-Four at £175. The Ten-Six special coupé is a very attractive car from the aspects of road performance, appearance, and price, for it costs only £215. This model is also exhibited as a sports-tourer. At its low price the coupé presents the ideal of many who are limited in their expenditure, but who want a car that is out of the ordinary.

The Twelve-Four saloon is a roomy family type of car, very completely equipped and with every possible consideration for the owner-driver. Only £199 10s. to purchase, and taxed at £9 for next year, it has established a reputation for engine sweetness and mechanical refinement that only a manufacturer of Morris standing could hope to offer at such an inviting figure.

Although taxed at only £11 5s. next year, the Fifteen-Six in the Morris range has a 2-litre engine and a high power-to-weight ratio which, in turn, means a good top gear performance. The bodywork is of a high quality and notable for its attractive exterior lines. Internally, such luxuries as arm rests and burr walnut woodwork are to be found and at an all-in cost of £265.

The largest car on the stand in the Oxford range is the 20-h.p. saloon, a car that is in actual fact available with a 20-h.p. or a 16-h.p. engine without any price difference. It is a definite challenge to the Continental big-engined car, with the added advantage that it is designed in accordance with the best traditions of British motor engineering. It has roomy and luxurious coachwork and mechanical refinements such as thermostatic temperature control for water, synchromesh gear-box, and a host of other important items all included at the catalogue price of £285.

MORRIS — The Oxford Twenty coupé, in which are embodied such refinements as thermostatic temperature control for water and a synchromesh gear-box

AUSTIN — The Ten-Four Lichfield saloon with the handsome new radiator which distinguishes all the 1935 products of this famous firm

AUSTIN.—In addition to many examples of cars in the Austin comprehensive range for 1935, there are three polished chassis at Olympia on the company's stand. The most interesting is undoubtedly the Seven, because it displays how this important unit in the car has been adapted to the carrying of the larger and full 4-seater body with which this famous model is now fitted. The chassis modifications, whilst still indicating a full retention of the original features of the 7-h.p. car of eleven or twelve years ago, permit a lower seating position to be obtained in addition to the adoption of larger and heavier coachwork.

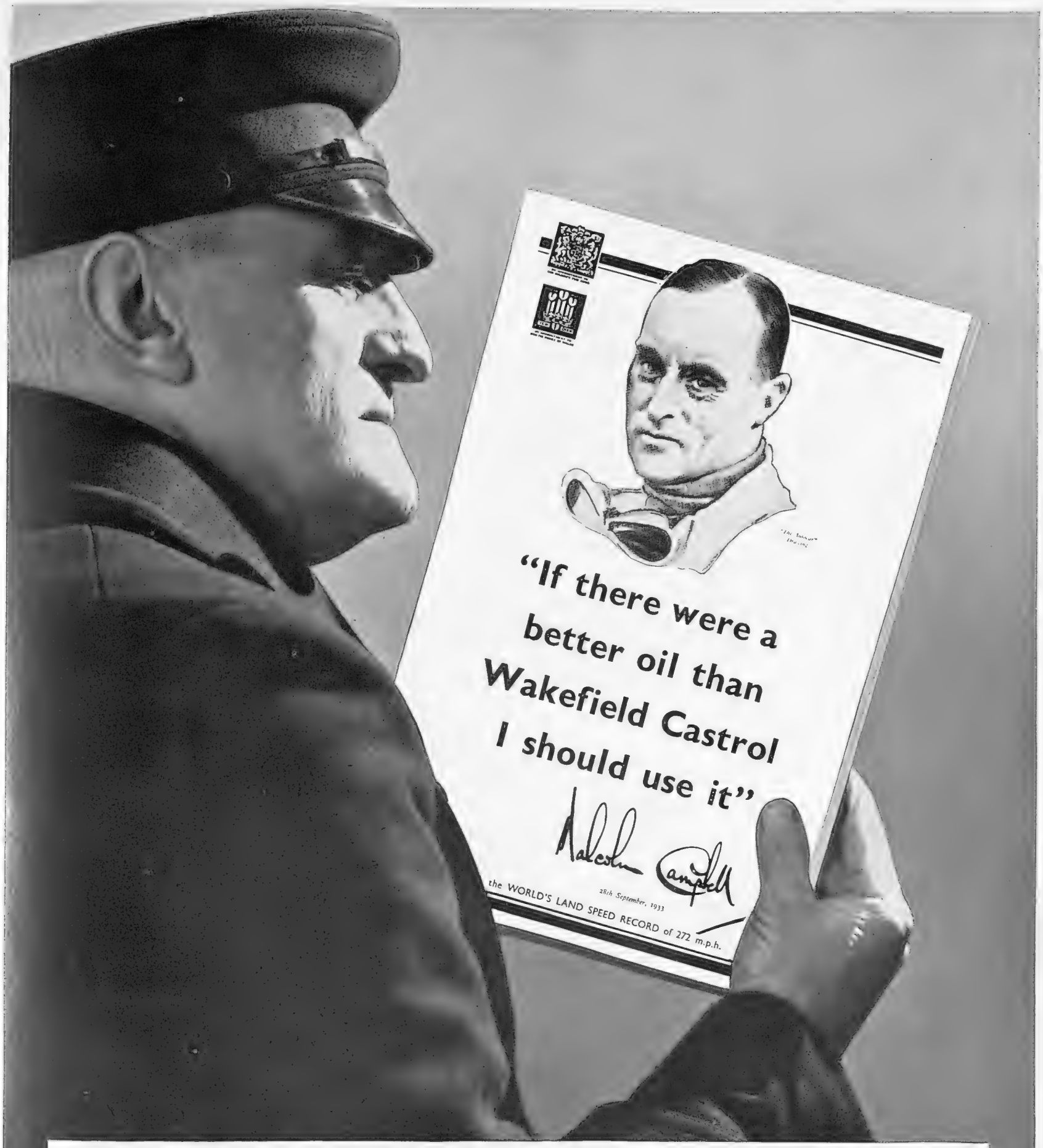
The other two chassis are examples of the Ten-Four and the Twelve-Six model.

Coming now to the cars displayed and starting with the Seven, it should be remembered that these are reduced in price from last year, and considerably modified and improved. At £120 the *de luxe* saloon offers sliding roof, winding and ventilated windows, diffused dash-board lighting, four-speed gear-box with synchromesh for second, third, and top, traffic indicators of in-built pattern, petrol gauge, and, of course, bumpers, speedometer, electric starter, and five-lamp lighting set. The tax for 1935 will be £6, and the car gives a petrol consumption of well over 40 miles to the gallon.

The Ten-Four Austins on the stand take the form of the Lichfield Saloon at £172 10s., and the Colwyn cabriolet, which is a handsome and special type of body, but even so lists at only £178.

The Light Twelve-Six has not been omitted from the array and there are also examples of the popular Sixteens and the new Eighteen. Several models for 1935 are available with a choice of three engine sizes

(Continued on p. 80)



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THE CAR OLYMPIAD

Notable Exhibits in Detail

HUMBER One of the latest Snipe saloons—which combine good looks with first-rate road performance. A model well worth inspecting

and at the same cost. This is a facility that will be appreciated equally by the man who wants a roomy car of reasonable power and economical motoring and by him who prefers higher factors of acceleration and speed, even at the cost of a little more annual tax and slightly heavier fuel consumption.

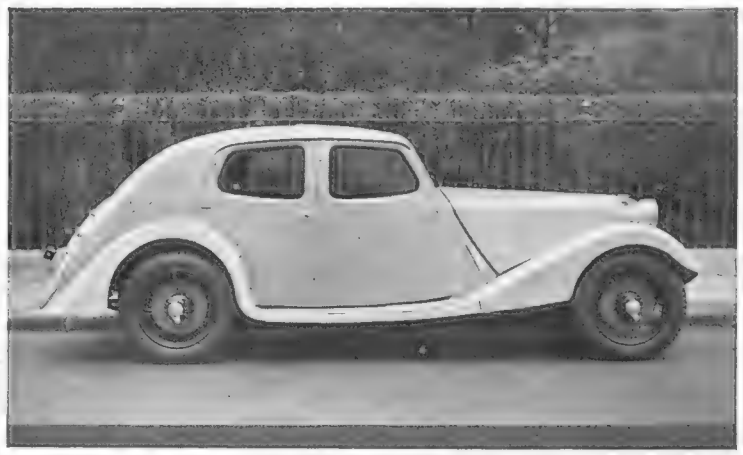
HUMBER.—A re-designed Humber Twelve, and a retention of the 16–60 and the Snipe and Pullman range with detail modifications, summarize the Humber policy for 1935. At Olympia there will be two examples of each on the Humber Stand, and in addition nine other Humber models distributed in the coachwork section of the Show.

The Twelve retains an engine size of 1,669 cubic centimetres and is still a 4-cylinder car. The gear-box is now fitted with synchromesh for all four ratios (this applying to all the Humber cars for next season), and there are many other mechanical alterations of importance between the older Twelve and the new model. The bodywork provides "draughtless" ventilation, insulation from engine heat and fumes, "remote drive" for screen wipers so that there is no bulk of motor in the driving compartment, self-cancelling indicators, and many other good points. The chassis frame itself has been re-designed and weight distribution has received considerable attention. The saloon with high quality finish and with maroon as the choice for its colour scheme is priced at £285. Its line is very greatly improved from that of last year. The Vogue saloon is retained and the example at Olympia on the Humber Stand is finished in almond and costs £335.

Although 1934 models are retained in the case of the 16–60 h.p. and the Snipe and Pullman, they have all been subjected to a host of minor improvements. Quality is prominent throughout the cars no matter whether they are viewed from a mechanical or a coachwork angle, and they have performance which reaches the sports class but in so doing retains all the refinement of the town carriage.

There are 16–60 models from £405 and those on display comprise the foursome coupé and the saloon costing £495 and £435 respectively. The Snipes, the road performance of which is now so well known, are even better for 1935 than for last season, and the two cars at Olympia are the sports saloon at £550 and the four-light saloon at £490.

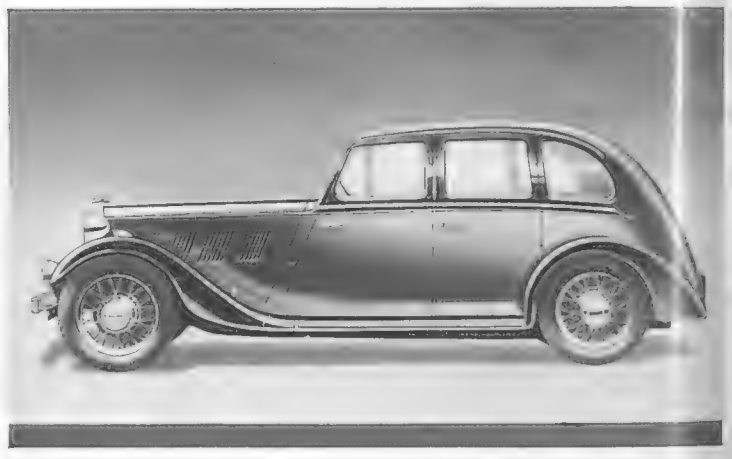
Designed mainly for those people who normally use a chauffeur, the Pullman cars in the Humber range are generally larger and with longer wheelbases than the other models. They can accommodate full seven-seater limousine bodies, and amongst many refinements specially incorporated to adapt them to town work and long-distance touring are "sway eliminators" and springing which automatically regulates itself to the load carried. The limousine is listed at £735 and the Sedanca de Ville at £945, an example of each being included on the Humber Stand.



RILEY The Kestrel on the 1½-litre 4-cylinder chassis. The standard specification includes Preselecta gear transmission

RILEY.—The Riley exhibits this year will be on Stand No. 118, Avenues K–L, and a very impressive display it is indeed. Nine different models are on show, which is the same number as they had last year, and it is interesting to note that with the exception of the 1½-litre 4-cylinder Falcon saloon they are all fitted with Preselecta gear-boxes which lends colour to the fact that the Riley Company have come to the conclusion that this method of easy gear-changing is going to stay. The cheapest model is the 9-h.p. 4-cylinder Kestrel saloon, which is priced at £308 complete, and the dearest the 15-h.p. 6-cylinder M.P.H. model, which sells at £550. Other exhibits include the 9-h.p. 4-cylinder Imp two-seater, the 1½-litre 4-cylinder Falcon saloon, the 1½-litre 4-cylinder Kestrel saloon, the 1½-litre 4-cylinder Lynx open four-seater, the 15-h.p. 6-cylinder Falcon saloon, the 15-h.p. 6-cylinder Kestrel saloon, and the 15-h.p. 6-cylinder Stelvio saloon. Triplex glass is standard and all models are fitted out in a generous manner, the 1½-litre 4-cylinder Falcon saloon being equipped with the D.W.S. permanent jacking system. As is to be expected, sunshine roofs are common on all "closed" models and the interior decorations and finish have been tastefully carried out. In fact, the exhibits this year fully live up to the reputation which the Riley concern have built up for themselves in the past.

ROVER.—The Rover Company are staging on Stand 103 a representative range of eight models, from the Ten saloon at £248 to the Speed Fourteen streamline coupé at £415. There are no startling changes in design, but detailed improvements have been made and further refinements have been added, which include the automatic lubrication of the chassis by the Bijur system, an automatic thermostat embodied in the water circulation system and battery charging automatically controlled. The highly successful features which were previously introduced, such as the free-wheel, clutchless gear-box, harmonic stabilizer, flexible engine mountings, etc., have all been retained. The Twelve and Fourteen models have a lengthened wheelbase which has permitted the mounting of large and particularly attractive saloon bodies. The body of the Ten saloon has been increased in width and is finished in maroon and black with maroon leather upholstery and carpets. Three Twelve models are exhibited—a saloon, a sports saloon, and a sports open four-seater. The saloon is finished in two shades of green with green leather upholstery and pile carpets, and an interesting feature of this model is the steel bulkhead which has been fitted between the engine and the body interior, its purpose being to exclude noise, heat, and fumes from the body. Four Fourteen models are on view, the most striking being the streamline four-door coupé which sells at £415. All the exhibits are most comprehensively equipped, and a wide choice of colour finishes is offered.



ROVER One of the most striking exhibits is this 14-h.p. streamline saloon with its graceful lines and comfortable accommodation

VAUXHALL.—The Vauxhall range, which is on view on Stand No. 101, consists of their Light Six and Big Six models. As regards the Light Six the prices of the various models have been raised slightly, but considerable extra value has been built into the car. Foremost amongst the innovations for 1935 is the independent front-wheel springing, which it is claimed gives the medium-sized car, such as the Light Six, a degree of riding comfort never before attained. The performance of this Vauxhall product, since its inception in 1933, has been of the highest, but with the improvements in design and performance now offered by the manufacturers, this car should more than live up to the reputation gained by this first-class British firm. Here again the streamline influence has crept into the bodies, but with a very pleasing result. The radiator has been made more sloping, as has also the windscreen to correspond, and more body space is available as the engine has been mounted four inches farther forward. Amongst the outstanding features which have been retained is the Vauxhall famous no-draught ventilation system, and this can be obtained on the de luxe saloon and Four-light coupé models. The actual models on show in the case of the Light Six are the standard saloon, de luxe saloon, coupé and Tickford coupé, with prices ranging from £210 to £285. The Big Six is represented by a standard saloon, Wingham cabriolet, and seven-seater limousine, their prices being £325, £395, and £550 respectively. Vauxhall cars are also represented on numerous coachbuilders' stands so that a wide range of bodies is available.

VAUXHALL A 20-h.p. foursome coupé. Note the exceptionally roomy luggage container in which is also embodied the petrol tank

SALMONS AND SONS.—Messrs. Salmons and Sons, the well-known coachbuilders of Newport Pagnell, are showing five exhibits on their stand in the coachbuilding section. This firm are the builders of the famous Tickford body and each car on the stand incorporates the Tickford all-weather winding mechanism, whereby the car can be used as a saloon or an open vehicle, whichever is preferred at any particular time. The operation of conversion is done merely by turning a handle. Salmons are the pioneers of what I might term all-weather bodies, and their experience goes back as far as 1820.

Now as far as the actual exhibits are concerned. One is a Tickford four-door four-window coachbuilt saloon, with their patent fully-opening roof, which is mounted on a 20-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley chassis. The interior is luxuriously fitted out and is upholstered in soft waterproof furniture hide. Then there is a Tickford new type fully-opening Foursome coupé body on a 20-h.p. Vauxhall car. It is possible for this car to be used either as a closed car, a coupé-de-ville, or a tourer, similar to the body fitted on a 14-h.p. Vauxhall chassis, which is also exhibited. The remaining two exhibits on the stand are a Daimler chassis with a saloon body and a Speed Model standard car with another Foursome coupé.

SALMONS

(Continued on p. 82)

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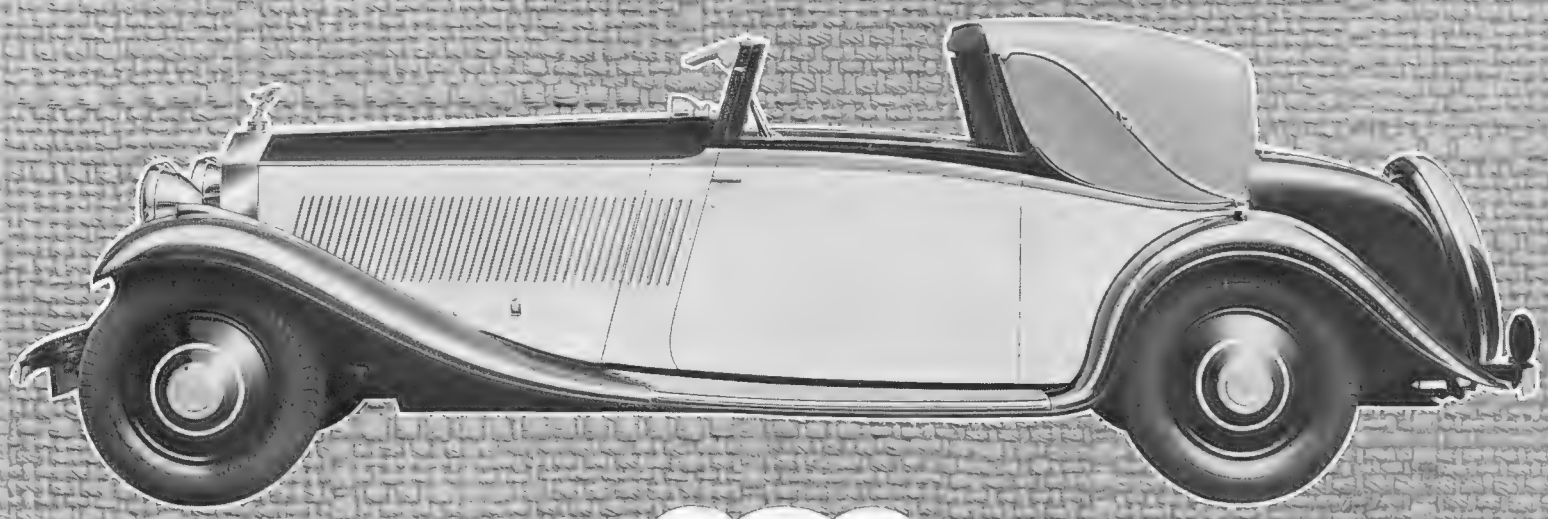

Barker Foursome Cabriolet de Ville on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Continental Chassis

Motor Show, Olympia,
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THE CAR OLYMPIAD

Notable Exhibits in Detail

HILLMAN — The new 20–70 saloon de luxe. The radiator is now cellulosed to match the body colour with a smart chromium-plated grill in front

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY.—The name Armstrong Siddeley represents all that is best in automobile engineering design and workmanship. They are the pioneers of innovations which have become and are becoming universally adopted, the latest instance being their self-changing gear-box, a working model of which is on view to visitors to Olympia. This company were the first to introduce this method of gear-changing as a standard part of their equipment in this country, and similar appliances are now becoming an integral part of many well-known British cars. It is not surprising, therefore, that their new Seventeen model should attract such attention and arouse so much interest. I am informed that this car has been created to give exceptional performance and economical running, but I suppose its greatest asset is that it has been built specially for use in all parts of the world. Two examples of this particular model are on view on the Armstrong Siddeley stand, one a coachbuilt saloon selling at £465, and the other a sports foursome which is priced at £385. All told there are nine exhibits, including this new car, representing the Siddeley Special, Twenty h.p., and Twelve h.p. models.

HILLMAN.—No radical changes are made in the Hillman programme, but naturally improvements have been made and refinements added, where these were found desirable, or at all possible. The Minx and Six-cylinder still continue to constitute the range, but altogether there are five chassis types, namely, the Minx, Aero Minx, Sixteen, Twenty-70 and Seven-seater. The two first-named have 4-cylinder engines while the remainder have 6-cylinder power units, and despite the varied improvements it is pleasing to note that prices remain basically the same as last year. Amongst the outstanding features of the current models, the following are worthy of mention: synchromesh gear-change on all models, lighter steering, improved springing and more silent running both as regards the exhaust note and carburettor intake "roar." On the *de luxe* models a clever system of draughtless ventilation has been fitted which, while it eliminates stuffiness and draughts, permits any required degree of ventilation. All models are luxuriously equipped, and although Hillmans have always been noted for leg-room and head-room the latest models offer even more commodious comfort. There are Hillmans to suit every taste and pocket, and I would certainly advise visitors to the Show to spend a part of their time examining the exhibits on this stand, when the value that these cars offer for the comparatively low figures at which they are priced will be more fully appreciated.

HOOPER BODYWORK.—For those people who admire the shapely and well-finished lines of a specially built body, Hooper's Stand offers such exhibits. The name Hooper has long been associated with body-building, and the reputation they have built up is second to none in their particular sphere. This year on their own stand they are showing four exhibits. One, a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis with Hooper Sedanca. The body seats seven, including the driver, and is painted in black, with the rear compartment upholstered with fawn cloth with leather piping, and the driving seat is black leather. The inside woodwork is ebony veneer, and semaphore type signal indicators are let flush into the middle pillars. The car is fitted with high-power P. 100 headlamps, with dipping reflectors, two spare wheels, and all wheels are equipped with discs. A radio set is also installed in this model. A 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis is also on view, fitted with a Hooper Sports saloon body. As is to be expected, this body is smaller than the Sedanca which is fitted to the larger chassis, but even in this case five can be seated comfortably, including the driver. It is painted in maroon and black and upholstered throughout with brown leather and cloth. The inside woodwork is burr walnut, and again semaphore type signal indicators are in evidence. The third exhibit is an enclosed limousine which is fitted on to a 24-h.p. 8-cylinder Daimler chassis. This limousine seats seven and is painted very becomingly in dark blue with a white line. The rear compartment is upholstered with West of England cloth and the driving seat in black leather. The inside woodwork is walnut curl, but in this case the Hooper patent telescopic signal indicators are fitted to the front corners of the roof. Another sports saloon is shown on a 3½-litre Bentley chassis and is finished in silver-grey and blue, while the interior is upholstered with blue leather and cloth. The usual

(Continued on p. 84)

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY — The special sports saloon. A car of very modern appearance with an exceptionally low centre of gravity

THE NEW RENAULT 'AIRSPORT'

Upwards of 100,000 owners have driven the famous Renault 12 H.P. Chassis (of "Airline" fame) over many millions of miles in every part of the world. Now with the same wonderful engine and chassis specially modified for strength and lightness comes the Renault 12 h.p. AIRSPORT. Well-known Renault features such as transverse rear springing and synchro-mesh gears are continued in its specification.

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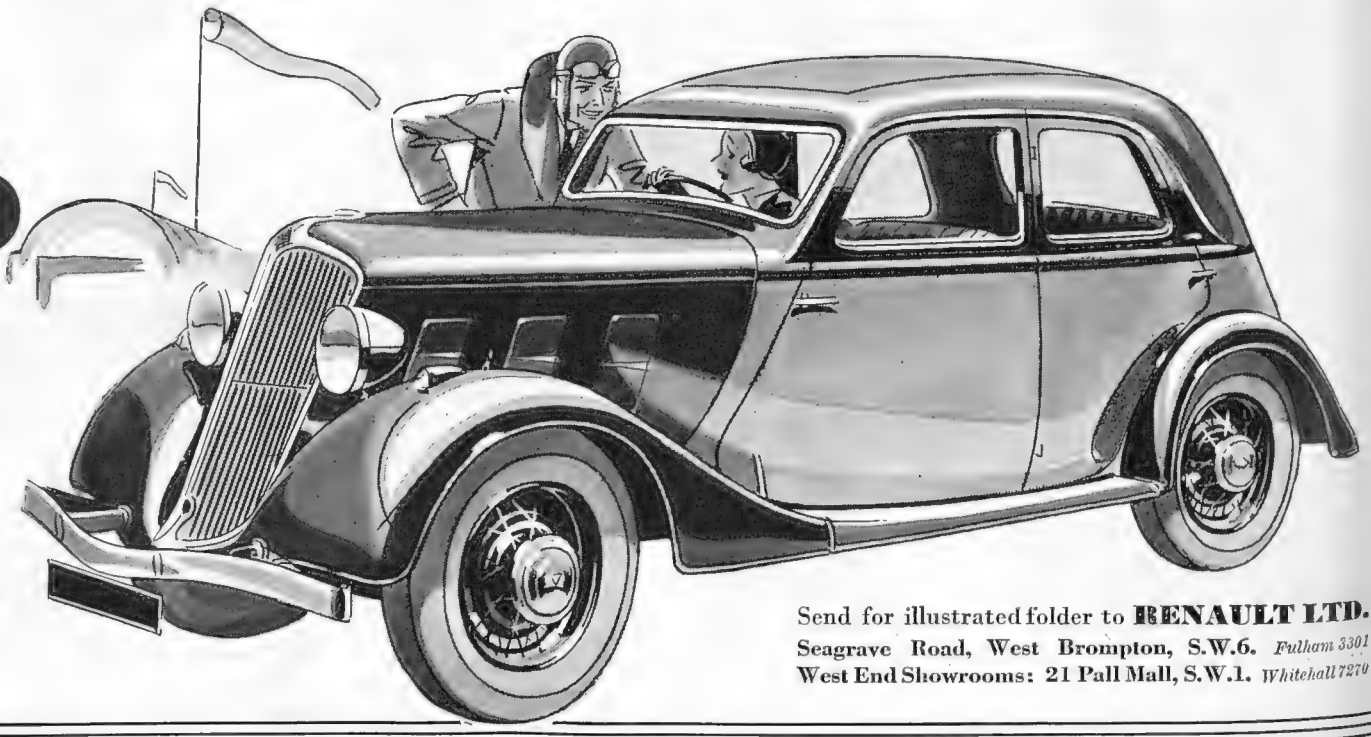

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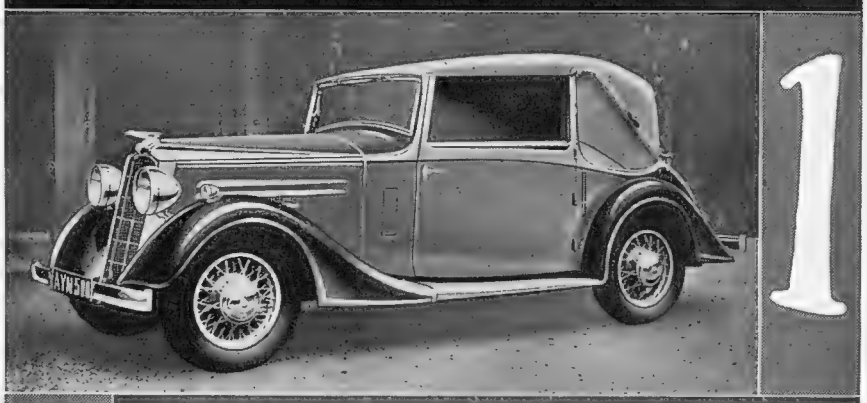
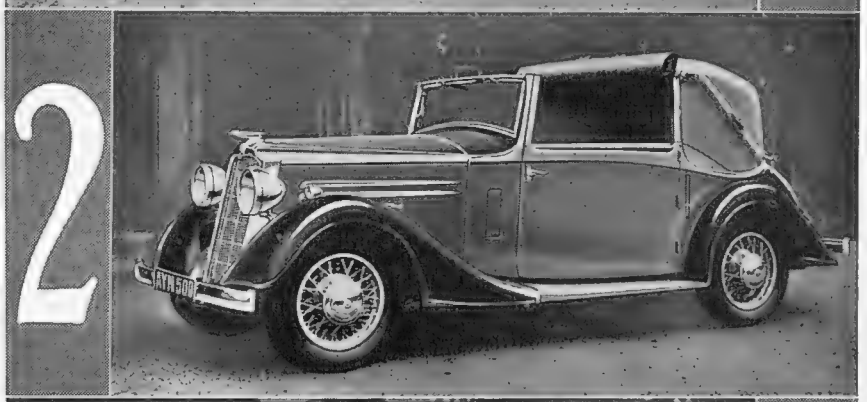
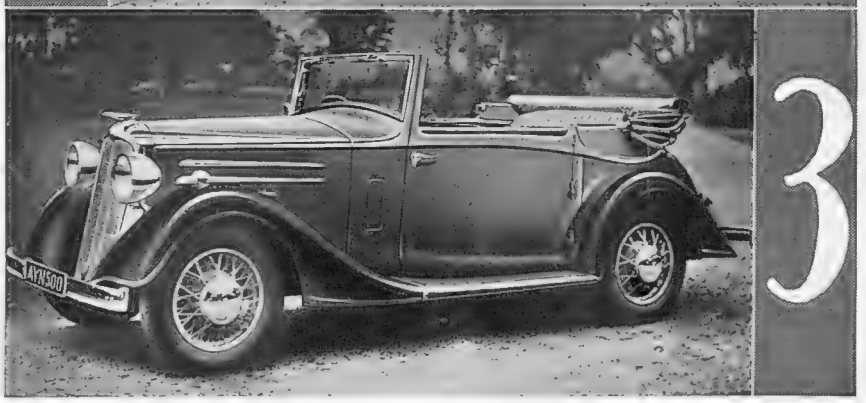




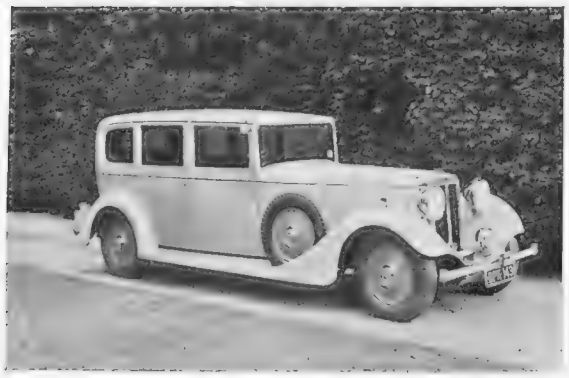


COUPÉ — Coupé-de-Ville — or open Tourer — with these three cars in one you can laugh at the English climate! When the head is up the Vauxhall Tickford Coupé is as weatherproof as any fixed head saloon and keeps its shape indefinitely. In fine weather it can be lowered instantly by simply turning a small detachable handle in the rear panels. Then you have an open streamline body with glass windows for wind protection. Inside there are deep pneumatic seats upholstered in soft waterproof leather. The front seats are adjustable and there is room for bulky luggage in the boot in the downswept tail. Available in seven attractive colour schemes. Vauxhall Light Six Tickford Coupé, £285. Five Seater Vauxhall Big Six Tickford Coupé, £365. See them on Stands 101 and 29 at Olympia. Or write for full particulars to any Vauxhall dealer or to Salmons & Sons, 13, New Burlington Street, London, W. 1.

THE Tickford SUNSHINE COUPÉ on the Vauxhall LIGHT SIX

THE CAR OLYMPIAD

Notable Exhibits in Detail

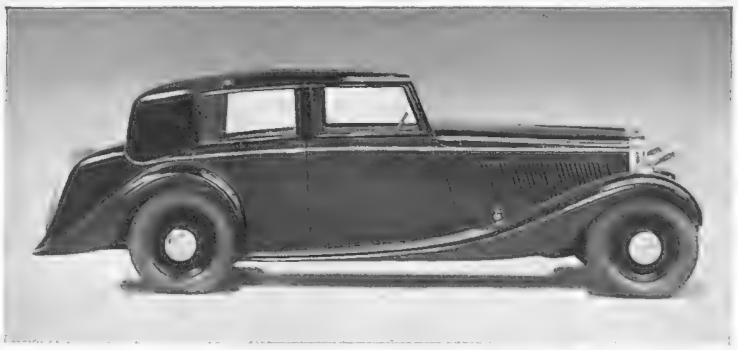


HOOPER — An enclosed limousine on the 25-h.p. Straight Eight Daimler chassis. The exterior is painted in fawn with a light blue line

semaphore type signal indicators are fitted. Other examples of Hooper coachwork can be seen on the Rolls-Royce, Daimler, and Isotta Fraschini stands.

BARKER BODYWORK.—Barker, another name which stands out in the body-building world, are also showing four types of their craftsmanship. Their Sedanca de Ville is fitted to a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II. This body, which seats six, is car cellulose painted throughout, and the interior upholstered in best quality cloth, with the front seat in leather. A very wide range of accessories is fitted, including a Philco wireless set. Another exhibit is the 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce with a Pullman limousine body, which is car cellulose painted throughout, with interior upholstered in cloth and front seat in leather. Triplex glass is fitted, which is standard on all models exhibited, and the equipment includes accessories which will satisfy even the most exacting requirements. A 3½-litre 6-cylinder Bentley also appears on the stand with a Coupé de Ville body, and a 25-h.p. 8-cylinder Daimler is fitted with bodywork known as the Sedanca de Ville. You will notice that this body also appears on the 40–45-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II.

MARTIN WALTER.—This firm of coachbuilders has marketed a motor-car body of revolutionary design. It is known as the Wingham cabriolet and is mounted on the 20-h.p. Vauxhall Big Six, and with this body fitted the car can be converted into a saloon or an open tourer in the small matter of a few seconds. The idea is certainly one which should appeal to a very large section of the motoring public, for there are quite a number of motorists who cannot afford both an open and a closed car, but with this new idea one can enjoy the comfort of a perfectly equipped saloon and also the pleasures connected with an "open" car, whenever desired. This new body is very smart in appearance and has very pleasing lines and can be obtained in a number of varied colours. It is upholstered in fine-quality leather with headcloth and carpets in colours that harmonize. The price of this Vauxhall Big Six Wingham cabriolet is £395 ex-works, and exhibits are on view on the Vauxhall Stand.



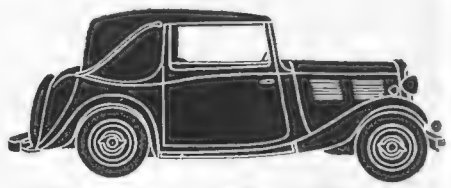
STUTZ — The 8-cylinder S. V. 16 chassis, on which is fitted a "Brainsby Woollard" body, built by John Charles and Co., and exhibited by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd.

ACCESSORIES.—I think the average motorist is apt to overlook the important part played by the various accessory manufacturers as far as motoring is concerned. One is apt to take it for granted, and quite rightly too, that the oil and the petrol will carry out their work in the correct manner, and that is as far as our interest in such things goes, but with the advance in engine design, motorists can get to know more about the merits of these two "accessories," and learn to appreciate the important part they play in the efficient and smooth running of the internal combustion engine. The Anglo-American Oil Company are fully alive to this fact, and their stand is occupied by experts who are there solely to answer questions and give advice on all questions concerning fuels and lubricants. It is interesting to note that this company were responsible for the first petrol pump, and for the first supercharged motor fuel, namely, Pratt's ethyl.

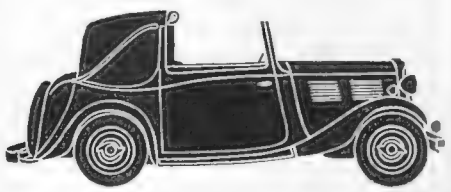
The Wakefield Company have likewise staffed their stand in the Grand Hall Gallery with experts to give advice on lubrication matters and, in accordance with their usual custom, Castrol lubrication charts are being distributed free for more than 100 different models, including new models exhibited for the first time at the Show.

(Continued on p. 86)

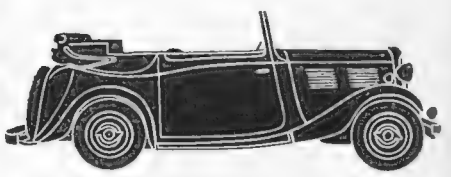
STANDARD — A Tickford Foursome coupé on the 10–12 Speed chassis. Note the wide door and built-in direction indicators



TRANSFORMABLE . . . FROM CLOSED CAR . . .



TO COUPÉ DE VILLE . . .



OR OPEN TOURER . . . IN A FEW SECONDS!

They needn't buy three cars—one will give them all the advantages of three body types—if it's the Tickford Foursome Coupé on the "Standard" chassis. For this really is three cars in one—transformable in a few seconds from closed car to open tourer or Coupé de Ville. Altogether a remarkable car—the Standard-Tickford Foursome Coupé. Due to the patent "Tickford" mechanism the hood retains its smart appearance after long use. The body gives comfortable accommodation *and healthy motoring* for four passengers: while luggage is amply provided for by the roomy trunk at rear.

Complete car Prices (ex-works)

On the Standard "10" Chassis	**£245**
On the Standard "10-12" Chassis	**£295**
On the Standard "16" Chassis	**£365**

The Tickford Foursome Coupé on the Standard 10, 10-12 *or* 16 *h.p. chassis can be inspected at* Salmons & Sons' Showrooms, 13, New Burlington St., Regent St., W.1 (*Patentees and Sole Mnfcts. of Tickford Coachwork*). Works: Newport Pagnell.
And at Standard Cars, 37, Davies St., Grosvenor Sq., London, W.1.

Olympia **STAND No. 29, Avs. D-E, STAND No. 111, Avs. J.K.**

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY.

FOURSOME COUPÉ BY TICKFORD

ON CHASSIS BY "STANDARD"

THE NEW

ROVER TWELVE

The Autocar TESTS

(Oct. 5 issue)

ROVER TWELVE SALOON

DATA FOR THE DRIVER

12 h.p., four cylinders, 69 × 100 mm. (1,495.72 c.c.). Tax £12 (Jan. 1—£9).

Tyres : 4.75×18 in. on bolt-on wire wheels.

Engine—rear axle gear ratios	Acceleration from steady speed 10 to 30 m.p.h.	20 to 40 m.p.h.	30 to 50 m.p.h.
19.8 to 1	—	—	—
11.0 to 1	7 sec.	—	—
7.45 to 1	9 sec.	10 sec.	13⅗ sec.
4.88 to 1	13⅗ sec.	14⅗ sec.	17⅕ sec.

Timed speed over ¼ mile—69.77 m.p.h.

Acceleration from rest to 50 m.p.h., 18⅘ sec.

Acceleration from rest to 60 m.p.h., 29⅘ sec.

Speed up Brooklands Test Hill from standing start 16.45 m.p.h.

Acceleration up 15 yards of 1 in 5 gradient from rest, 3⅖ sec.

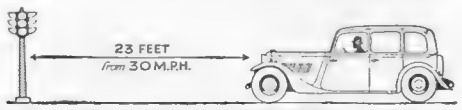
Turning circle : 39 ft.

Tank capacity 9½ gallons, consumption 26 m.p.g.

12-volt lighting set ; voltage control.

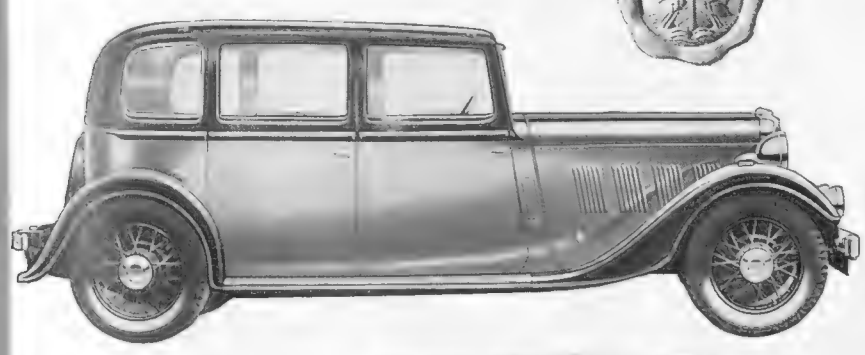
Weight : 24 cwt. 2 qr.

Price, with saloon body, £278.



"Without question, the Rover Twelve is an exceptional car . . . the performance figures tell their own tale."

Rover 12 Saloon £278



Rover 12 Sports Saloon £298

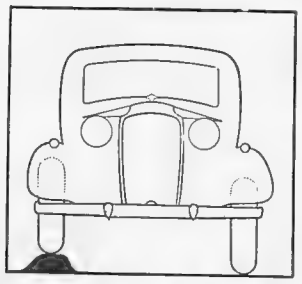
THE ROVER CO. LTD., COVENTRY

London Showrooms : Henly's Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1

London Service Depot : Seagrave Road, Fulham

CVS—126

RIDING *is changed to* GLIDING *on the New* VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX



This is the 1935 edition of the highly popular Vauxhall Light Six. It is *bigger* with more leg and elbow room in the luxurious interior. Performance is *faster* and the engine is *smoother* thanks to new flexible rubber cushioning. It is a still *safer* car with better brakes, cruciform frame and low centre of gravity due to a new system of body mounting. Then there is Synchro-Mesh easy gear change, No-Draught Ventilation and a new easy jacking system. And, most important of all, Vauxhall engineers have changed *riding into gliding* with Independent Front Wheel Springing.

INDEPENDENT SPRINGING

Riding becomes gliding in this new Vauxhall Light Six with Independent Front Wheel Springing. Bumps and pot holes simply don't seem to exist. Country by-ways feel like arterial roads. Vauxhall Independent Springing has levelled out every type of road surface. The difference is amazing. You can now read a newspaper comfortably with the speedometer flickering round the mile-a-minute mark. You can lounge back in the rear seat and snatch forty winks without being inconvenienced by every road inequality. Vauxhall has given the medium sized car a limousine-like ride.

STANDARD SALOON 12 h.p. (TAX £9 JAN. 1935) £205. DE LUXE SALOON 12 h.p. or 14 h.p. with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation and other refinements, £225. *Full particulars from your local Vauxhall dealer or write direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.*

£205

THE CAR OLYMPIAD

Notable Exhibits in Detail

ACCESSORIES (continued)

A fascinating feature of the Shell-Mex and B.P. Stand is the demonstration, which is conducted by several chemists employed by the firm, of the routine tests to which Shell oils and greases are submitted, and these chemists give a kind of running commentary as the demonstration progresses.

I do not think that any motor car would be complete without the word Dunlop on the tyres, and certainly the Olympia Show would not be without the various Dunlop stands. This firm has for years specialized in high-grade tyres and other accessories, and it is not surprising that their products are in such great demand. Fitted by the majority of racing drivers, their tyres offer the maximum of safety and durability. Their exhibits are on view on four different stands, two being situated in the Grand Hall Gallery and one on the ground floor of the Empire Hall, while the stand of Latex Upholstery, Ltd., displays an assortment of Dunlopillo cushions.

Messrs. S. Smith and Sons, Ltd., of Cricklewood, the well-known accessories manufacturers, whose products are fitted as standard equipment by many of the leading motor manufacturers in this country, are also exhibiting, and their stand is well worthy of a visit. The most interesting fitment marketed by this firm is the Jackall four-wheel jacks which have now been designed to operate from the driving seat of a car. The simplicity of the Jackall, coupled with its speedy operation—the whole car can be raised in under half a minute—almost prompts one to say that it is the greatest improvement in car design since the introduction of the self-starter.

FORD The new de luxe (10-h.p. tax) double entrance model listed at £145. The Ford Motor Co.'s own exhibition at the Albert Hall is one of the big events in the motoring world

FORD.—We have come to expect big things from the Ford Motor Company, and it is very rarely that we are disappointed. It will be remembered that last year they staged an exhibition of their own at the Albert Hall. This practice is repeated again this year, and the opening of their exhibition coincided with that of Olympia, and will continue until October 20. It takes a vast organization, such as the Ford, to have the enterprise even to consider such an exhibition, but it has remained for the Ford Company to carry it through. All types of Ford models are on show, including Fordson tractors and engines for miscellaneous industrial purposes.

Amongst the car exhibits the greatest interest is centred round the new 10-h.p. model. This is a saloon car of ultra-modern design, and as it sells at the unprecedented low price of £135 it should prove immensely popular. It is impossible to give a résumé of all the different models exhibited as the numbers are too great. In fact the Albert Hall has had to be specially enlarged to take them all, which will give some idea of the extensive activities of this well-known concern. The Show is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. each day and the small sum of 1s. 3d. is charged for admission.

I certainly advise all visitors to Olympia also to visit this Ford exhibition.

I would like to draw the attention of readers to the Motor Ball and Carnival to be held this year at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London, on Wednesday, October 17. This social fixture is held under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught and is organized to raise contributions for the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund. This Fund is the only medium for the relief of distress in the Motor Trade and in view of the excellent work it is doing it warrants the support not only of those connected with the Trade but also every motorist in the country. Tickets of admission, price £1 1s. (which includes buffet supper), can be obtained from the organizer, Mr. A. H. Dawson, 28, Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1, the usual agencies, or from Stand 149 at Olympia.

JACK MAGIC

No wizardry could raise your car more effectively than 'Jackall.' Operated from the driving seat, it lifts front, rear or all four wheels in a few seconds. Think what this means when you're in a hurry or it is raining heavily. See 'Jackall' demonstrated on

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OLYMPIA

From 12 gns. to 14 gns. according to weight of car.
Fitting charge extra.

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FOUR WHEEL JACKS

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LONDON SHOWROOMS: 179/185 GT. PORTLAND ST., W.1

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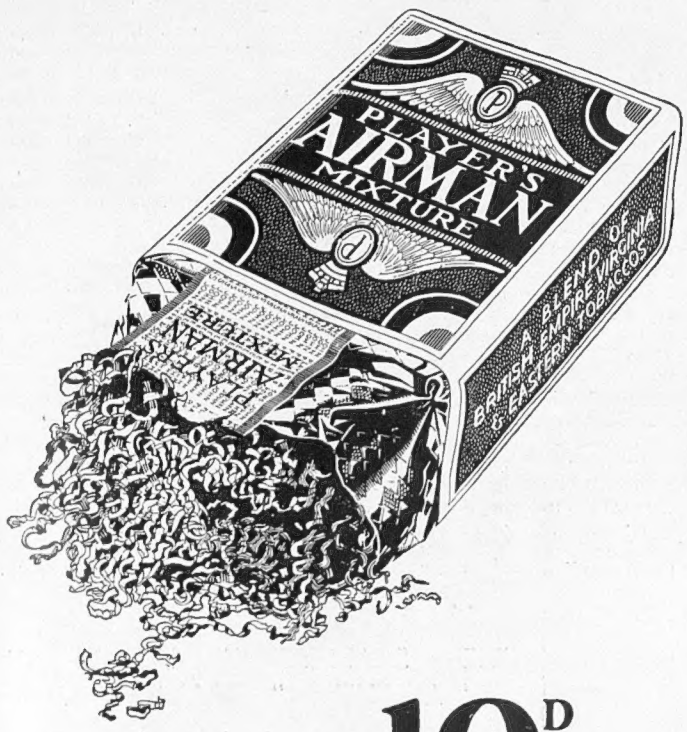
Illustrated catalogue post free from Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 and 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1.; and 3, Exchange St., Manchester. 'Swan' Pen Works: Hatlesden, London. 'Swan' Ink Works: Dingle, Liverpool.

This delightful Tobacco . . .



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and **AIRMAN FLAKE – 10°oz.**
AIRMAN NAVY CUT DE-LUXE
11D oz

PA 41.A.

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Do you value personal efficiency?—be quite sure of your underwear! Authorities say "pure wool for thorough protection." And if you choose Chilprufe, that protection—and your comfort—really endure. The very finest Pure Wool . . . closely knit . . . snug yet yielding . . . utterly and forever smooth. Garments to stand every strain.

The ranges at the outfitters include the most modern styles.

There are Vests, with short sleeves and button front, several athletic shapes, Pants, several styles in Trunk Drawers, also Combinations and Pyjamas.

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ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

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(John A. Bolton, Proprietor),
LEICESTER

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by

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

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AND HIS BAND

NEVILLE BISHOP
AND HIS BAND

MIDNIGHT ALL-STAR CABARET
● VALUABLE PRIZES

TICKETS (£1.1.0 each) from The Secretary and Organiser, Mr. A. H. Dawson, 28, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1, the usual Agencies, and at Stand No. 149 at the Motor Show.

COVENT GARDEN
LONDON, W.C. 2
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 17
9.30 P.M.—3.30 A.M.

In aid of The Motor & Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund

KNOX OF THE SAAR

(Continued from p. 50)

Germans to realize that all this high official is doing is fulfilling the letter of his contract. Admittedly, they have met a hard nut. Accustomed to submit to bullying themselves, they lend sinister motive to others in whose nature such submission does not happen to lie, and never has.

I have no space to enlarge upon the mountain of work that this Mr. Knox has to rule upon, working in liaison with his four fellow-commissioners through his Secretariat. The Frenchman has finance, economic matters, mine control, aeronautics. The Saarite has agriculture and forests, health and public welfare, labour and insurance. The Yugoslav has justice, education, religion. The Finn, public works, railways, post and telegraphs.

As a postscript, the obvious——

Hitler is certain to hand out further glowing enticements in the oncoming months. He will, in fact, announce a string of special conditions for the re-absorbed Saarlanders. A minimum of taxation, reduction of cost of railing Saar coal to South Germany, immediate construction of a canal from Saar to Palatinate, exploitation of coal at pithead by transferring it into electric power and oil, rationalization of production on latest Ruhr model, generous system of credit enabling the Saar to weather the thorny period of re-adaptation to the Reich. And, of course, religious freedom.

Some think the Pope may intervene with a warning message that would completely alter things. I do not think the Holy See will do any such thing. There are 80,000,000 other Catholics in the Germanic bloc to be borne in mind. The Saar, quand même and re-quand même, should vote Hitler by anything from 65 to 75 per cent. though it is possible that a heavy abstentionist vote might introduce a surprise element. Had the Saar the prospect of a re-vote in, say, five years' time, the poll would probably be for the *status quo*. But how were the fashioners of Versailles to foresee the arrival of a Hitler and all his works? Finally, in regard to the employment of French troops, faute de police, these will probably have to be used whatever the result in January. Did the vote go against the Nazis, their presence would be immediately necessary to prevent wild outbreak. If the vote goes pro-Hitler, they look like still being necessary the while things are tidied up locally. You can't suddenly leave a place like the Saar overnight, after having governed it for fifteen years.

For all such contingencies, and doubtless many more, the lonely leader on the Schlossberg is planning, balancing, sifting, preparing. If you stand for men who decline to be dictated to while lawfully doing their job, then here's to *diesem Herrn Knox!* And, by the way, for Dr. Goebbel's private ear. I have never beheld the subject of this article.

AUSTRALIA AND HER WOOL TRADE

(Continued from p. 53)

but Japan, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy increased their purchases subtantially.

Then early in 1933 things began to get better. We have naturally noticed our own trade revival most, but actually there has been appreciable improvement in several other countries as well. Another factor came into play. Having perfected her machines and processes, Japan decided to enter the field as a large-scale manufacturer of woollen goods. Lancashire to-day is facing fierce competition from Japanese cotton goods; before many months are past Yorkshire may find herself face to face with the same problem. The combination of these forces, and the fact that the Australian wool-growers had not, like certain other primary producers, accumulated huge stocks, resulted in a remarkable change in the situation. There was a substantial rise in wool prices between May and July; the Australian sales at the end of August and the London sales in September were marked by unusually keen bidding, and between March and September wool values rose by nearly 50 per cent. What this means to Australia can be summed up in a very few words. The 1932-33 clip was worth £34,000,000. The value of the new clip at the present level of prices, should be worth well over £50,000,000, and for a smaller quantity of wool.

It is already possible to see the benefit the Australian wool growers are reaping from their policy. The following figures, the latest available, show the value of the Commonwealth's wool exports in the quarter ended September 30, 1933, as compared with the same period of 1932 :—

Commodity.	1933.	1932.	Increase of 1933 over 1932.
	£	£	£
Sheepskins - - -	677,300	296,400	380,900
Wool (greasy) - -	6,432,800	3,502,600	2,930 200
Wool (scoured) - -	1,719,600	957,300	762,300
Wool tops - - -	133,900	55,200	78,700
	£8,963,600	4,811,500	4,152,100

The policy of the Australian wool-growers is in every respect in striking contrast to that adopted by certain other producers of basic commodities. In the United States, President Roosevelt has caused to be destroyed mountains of wheat, countless bales of cotton, and millions of pigs. In Brazil, they have fed coffee into the boiler-house furnaces. In Britain we have thrown fish back into the sea. Roosevelt has gone even further and has subsidized the restriction of the cultivation of certain crops. The rubber, tea, and copper producers have tried restriction of output and regulation of marketing. None of these efforts has been conspicuously successful. The Australian wool-growers on the contrary have not attempted to restrict production or accumulate stocks. They have put their wool on the market and got what they could for it. It is true that for several years they have been producing at a loss, but to-day they have an improving market, an unrestricted industry and no dead weight of accumulated stocks of wool from previous years. It may be that the same policy would have failed if it had been applied to other industries in other countries. But it is worthy of serious consideration by economists and producers.

J. Baker White

MOTOR EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA

October 11 to 20

Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
ADMISSION, 2s. 6d., except
THURSDAYS AND TUESDAY
before 5 p.m.—5s.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Another most encouraging incident happened recently at this Society when the morning post was opened. A cheque for £5 had been sent as a thank-offering from a couple who had escaped a serious accident. The excellence of the work had been recognized, and this was the best form they decided as commemorating their marvellous escape. The Committee of the Society is most grateful. Funds are much needed to carry on the work. Please address your gifts to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Those coarse, rasping toilet rolls which one is sometimes tempted to buy because they appear cheap, are really far from economical—when compared with Bronco. The number of sheets contained in these so-called "cheap" rolls is often *less than half* the number in a roll of Bronco.

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

And, of course, the *quality* of Bronco paper is immeasurably superior. Bronco is the most soothing toilet paper that has ever been offered for sale. It is extremely thin, yet very strong; it is velvet soft, therefore perfectly suited to the most tender skin; and it is aseptic, therefore definitely safe and hygienic.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Berks (Madeira, Canary Islands, and Azores).—The Empresa Insulana de Navegacao Line runs a twice-monthly service from Lisbon to Madeira and the Azores, the boats leaving Madeira for the Azores on the 10th and 25th of the month, taking about forty-eight hours to cross to Sao Miguel, the most important island of the group. The Pension Terra Nostra in Ponta Delgada, Sao Miguel, can be recommended, terms from 7s. 6d. per day. You should not fail while in Sao Miguel to make the twenty-nine mile trip inland to the lovely Furnas Valley, where there is a good hotel, the Atlantico. A reasonably priced hotel in Funchal, Madeira, is the Sea View Hotel, while in the Canary Islands there are the Bella Vista Hotel at Las Palmas, and Spragg's English Hotel, at Santa Cruz.

H., Essex (wintering in England).—The sunniest and warmest parts of England during the winter are the South Coast resorts. Hotels where you would be most comfortable are the Palace Hotel, Torquay, the Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth, and the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne. The Grand Hotel at Harrogate is excellent, but you would not find the winter climate of Yorkshire as salubrious as that of the South of England.

E., Staffs (Majorca).—The best way of travelling to Majorca is overland to Barcelona and thence by boat, the crossing being an overnight one. There is a sailing every evening. One can also go via Marseilles, but from here there is but one sailing per week, on Fridays. You will find plenty of English people in Palma, the capital of Majorca, where there is an English club and an English library. A comfortable and inexpensive pension there is the Sans-Souci. There are several charming little places on the north coast of Spain such as Zarauz, Deva, and Zumaya, but these are purely summer resorts, and not suitable for a stay before May or after September. During the winter you would find them deserted as regards visitors, with most of the best hotels closed.

Hints for Travellers

BERMUDA.

The British-owned island of Bermuda, always a popular holiday ground with visitors from the Western Hemisphere, is fast acquiring a reputation among English people as an ideal winter resort. This is not surprising for it has an ideal winter climate, the average range of temperature then being from 66 to 68 degrees, while the warm Gulf Stream flowing between Bermuda and the mainland provides an effective barrier to the cold north winds. Though there are ample facilities for sports, there being no less than seven golf courses, the restful environment which prevails everywhere is, perhaps, one of Bermuda's greatest charms. Visitors to this lovely island usually ride about in carriages, a mode of transport which, though leisurely, probably contributes to the peaceful atmosphere. No description of Bermuda, however short, would be complete without a reference to the Castle Harbour, one of Bermuda's newest and finest hotels. Every comfort and luxury is found there, the cuisine being particularly good. The Castle Harbour golf course adjoins the hotel, while close by is one of Bermuda's loveliest beaches, though there is in addition a fine bathing pool within the hotel grounds. The Furness Bermuda Line, operated by Furness Withy and Co., Ltd., run a service from New York to Bermuda and back twice weekly by their 19,000–20,000 ton vessels, *Monarch of Bermuda* and *Queen of Bermuda*. These boats, which carry 1st class passengers only, each accommodate over 800 passengers.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Majorca.—Formentor Hotel.—Full board from 15/- per day upwards. Patronized by Royalty.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute—Knocke.—The Golf Hotel.—"Always Open." Inclusive Winter terms, 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Woodville Hotel.—Recently modernized. H. & C. rng. wtr. Elec. light. Special after season terms now available. Res. Prop.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Bohy-Lafayette.—Nr. Opera. Squ. Montholon. Cmft. of de luxe hotel at lwst. rates. Apply for illus. tariff to Mr. J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—200 beds. First-class, rooms from R.M. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comf. Near Cathedral. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, w. p. b. fr. R.M. 8. A. Grieshaber, Man.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

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